

THE EASTERNER



A book of friends. May it include
 The wise, the witty and the shrewd.
 And such as own the double art [heart.
 That makes them friends of head and
 May those who stand recorded here
 Grow dearer with each added year,
 Acquaintance into friendship grow
 And friendship ever brighter glow.

—S. WEIR MITCHELL.



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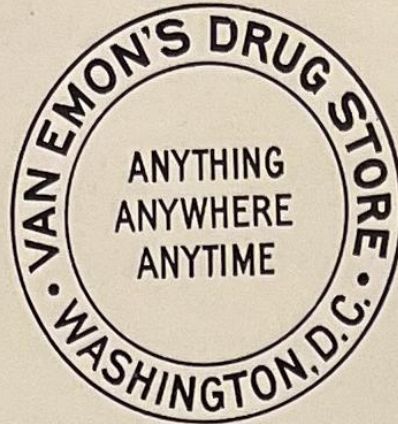
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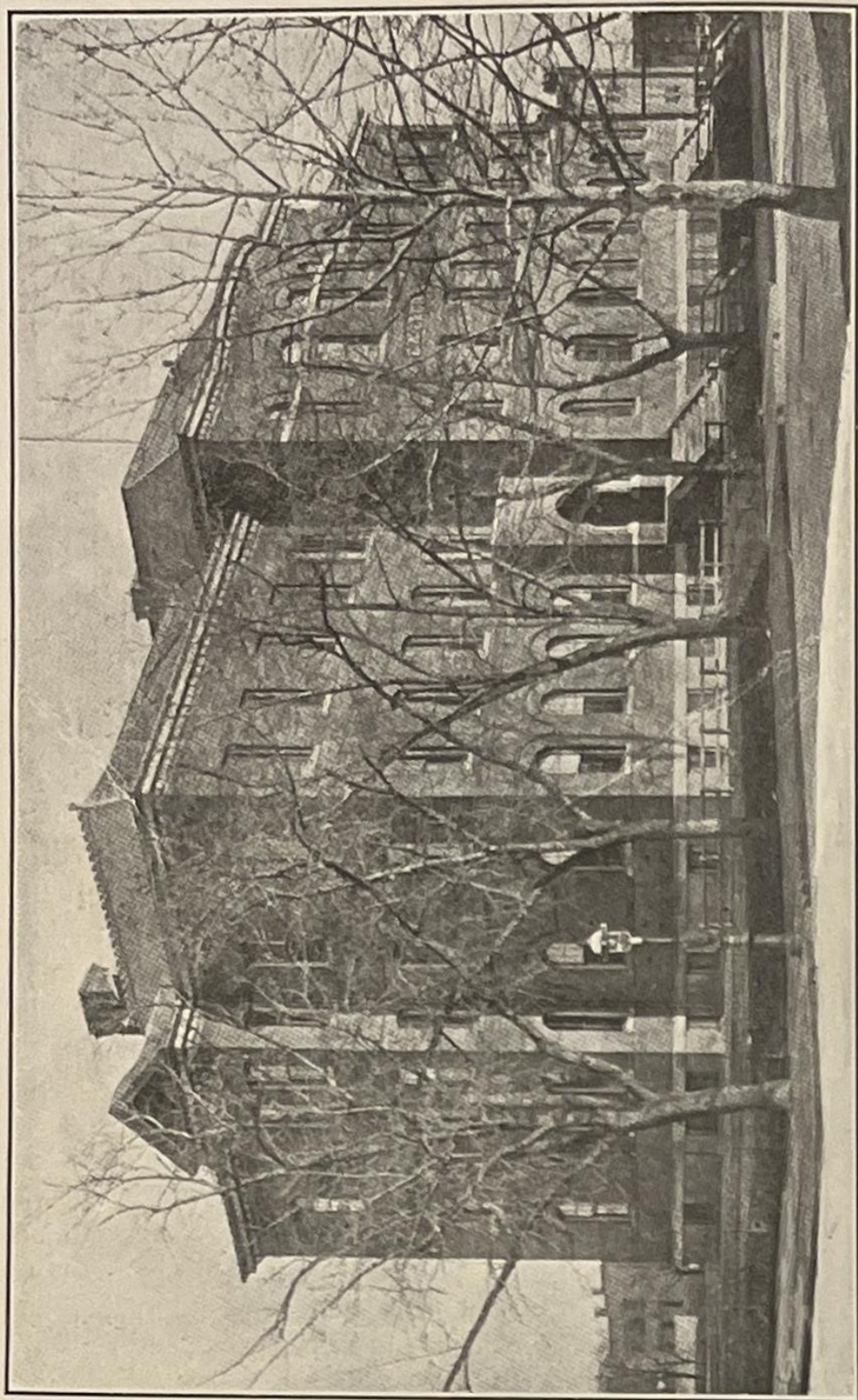
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The Easterner

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The Easterner

MOTTO: DO WELL, DO BETTER, DO BEST

VOL. XVIII

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE, 1915

No. 5

THE EASTERNER is a quarterly paper devoted to the interests of the Eastern High School, its faculty, alumni, and students.

Literary contributions, which should be written on but one side of the paper and addressed to the Editor, are solicited from all. The Editor will be in THE EASTERNER office every Wednesday afternoon to interview all who wish to see her in regard to THE EASTERNER.

Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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THE FACULTY

THE FACULTY.

Here's to the faculty, one and all,
From "Mac" in the office, to Dr. Small.
Here's to their patience with our mis-
deeds,
And their willingness, always, to help
our needs.

Here's to their kindness in calming our
fears,
As we've "passed" the milestones of these
school years.
Each "passing" moment much happiness
brought.
And we'll try to remember the things
they've taught.

They weep with our sorrows, and laugh
with our joys,
And they're dear to the hearts of the
girls and boys.
They do everything to brighten our ways,
And force us even to their "matinees."

So here's to the faculty, each one's a
friend,
May everything good be theirs to the end,
And may they each one, e'er much time
goes by,
Be teaching a class in a new Eastern
High.



The Senior Class

When we first to this high school came
The teachers knew not of our fame,
But e're we'd long been with them here,
They said with joy that we were "dear."

And now, to think that we must leave.
Oh! teachers, do not thusly grieve,
For, though it must your sad hearts rend,
As you know, good things must end.

1 GILBERT CHURCH CLARK.
 "Gillie"
*Colonel of Cadets; President of Class; Bank;
Glee Club; Spring Play.*

"Gillie here, Gillie there, Gillie over the water. Gillie's got the prettiest girl of Mrs. ——— (who can fill the blank?) daughters." Like many other noted Easternites, Gillie remained socially dormant until his senior year, but he surely blossomed forth in full glory during that period of his career. His favorite pastime is discoursing with Miss McCole on the all-important subject: "Did Wordsworth think as a poet, when a child, or did he not?" We are pleased to inform the knowledge-craving public that his volume on this subject has gone to press. (Heaven grant that it will be completely pressed.) Gillie intends to go to Annapolis next year.

2 LASALIA LEONA McCAFFREY.
 "Mac"
*Vice-President of Class; Easterner Staff;
Camp Fire.*

"Mac" is one of the most popular girls at school. She has a sunny smile and a cheery "Greetings" for every one she meets. She was chosen vice-president of our class and has certainly made a splendid one. Lasalia is also on the "Staff," the Athletic Council, and is a member of Camp Fire "Desire." This young lady is a fine tennis player, and has actually been known to shoot a goal in basket-ball.

And the memory of us will ever be,
A ray of comfort left for thee;
For classes may come and classes may go,
But there'll ne'er be another '15, you know.

So as we leave on our chosen ways,
The memory of our high school days,
And the help and advice of our teachers there,
Will help us the burdens of life to bear.

Marvelous? Not at all—that's "Mac." Lasalia expects to go to Barnard or George Washington University next year. Good luck to you, "Mac."

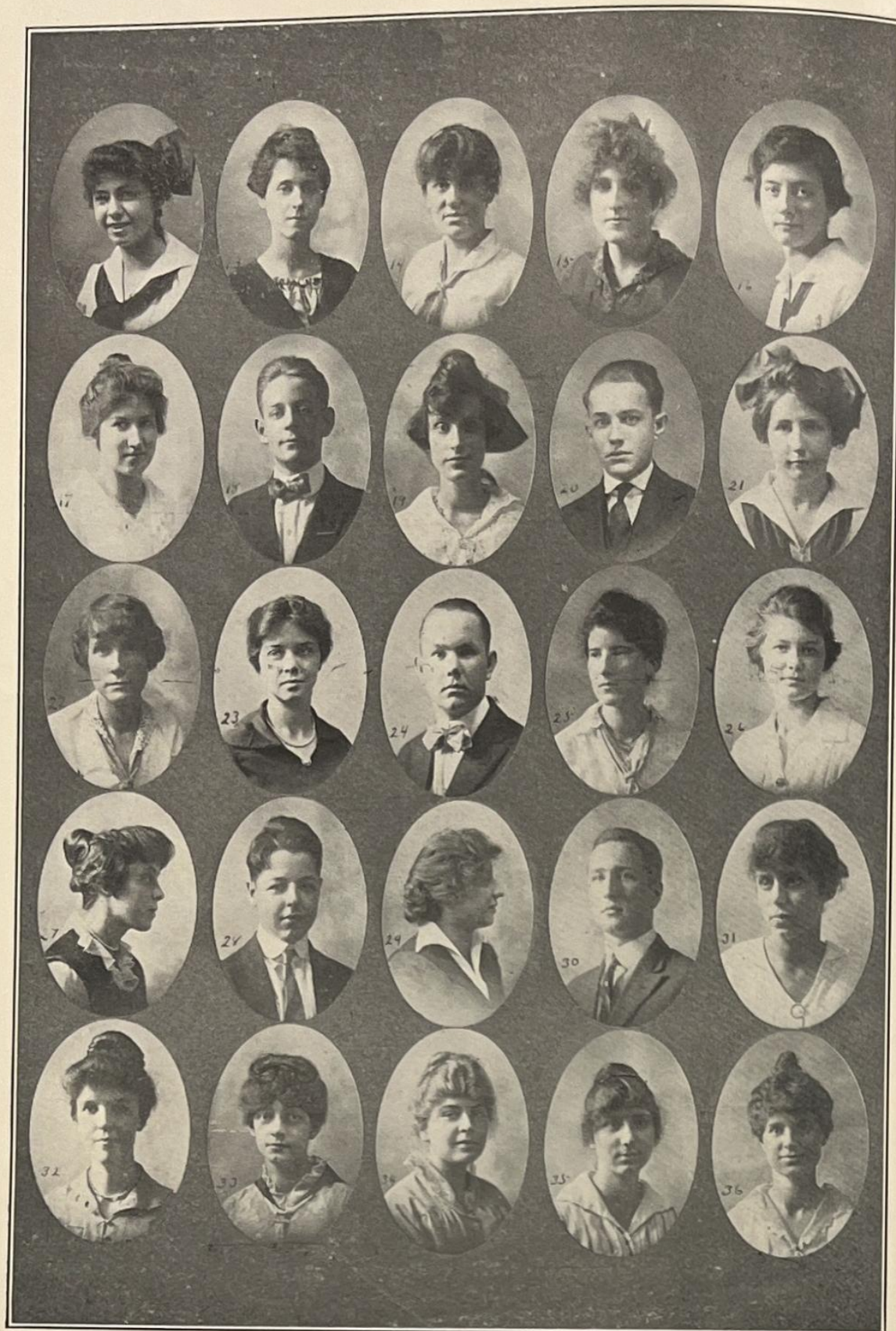
3 LILLY MAUDE RITENOR.
Honor Student; Secretary of Class; Philologist; Easterner Staff; Friendship Club.

This is the little lady who has delighted her teachers with perfect recitations ever since she has been here. And she is so familiar with first honors that she would feel unnatural without them. She was one of the founders of the famous Library company, "Appold, Ritenour & Roetschi," the good results of which are so noticeable in English. Lillie is very fond of Zoology, for that is the study which teaches her all about the Lyon, her favorite animal. But it is in shorthand that she shines brightest, and next year she will bring joy into some office, for she is

"The girl worth while,
The one with a smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

4 NICHOL MAIN SANDLE.
Treasurer Class '15; Ass't. Stage Mgr.; Spring Play; Cashier of Bank.

"Cutie"—Who is that cute little fellow? Why, that is Main Sandoe. Main is some athlete. He plays tennis every Saturday morning. He said that he is sorry Wilding was killed in the war, for now he will get the world's championship without half trying.



Main intends to go to Dartmouth where he will study Civil Engineering if he can forget "K" long enough. Just the opposite from "Doc" previously mentioned. Instead of trying to support bridges, he will try to support a wife. Well, we wish him luck, anyway. Any one who has the pleasure of knowing him will say that he is sure to be successful if the work he has done at school counts for anything.

5 RAYMOND CHURCH CLARK.

"Ray"

Captain Football; Captain Track; Basket-ball; Cadets; Rifle Club; Athletic Council; Spring Play, '14-'15; Stage Manager '14-'15; Chairman Pin Committee; Speaker to Undergraduates.

Yes, we call him "Ray," for he certainly is a shining light, penetrating everywhere. But who does not know Ray and his policy: "Never let studies interfere with your High School Course." But nevertheless he manages to keep ahead in his studies regardless of this philosophy. Ray is one of the best athletes, stage managers, actors and seamen (skippers) ever known at Eastern. (Keep it dark.) He can steer through the most dreadful collisions, and not be upset. But seriously, Ray has done more than his share toward upholding Eastern's name and honor. His excellent athletic work, unequalled work in Dramatics, and obliging personality are too well known to mention. Ray expects to join his old friends at Cornell next year. We are positive that his engaging personality and versatility will bring him friends and success.

6 HENRY WALTER GRAVES.

"Waller."

Cadets; Bank; Dramatics; Business Manager Easterner.

Walter Graves? Who's he? O, yes, he's that very good looking kid with the lock of hair down over his eyes. Say, who cultivates that lock of hair for him? Who? O-h'm, I see. Well, he looks like a serious fellow. Looks as if he might be good in school. I don't suppose he's a ladies' man, is he? No? That's good. I see that he's First Lieutenant

of "F," Vice-President of the Bank, Business Manager of the Easterner, and—is that all? Well, he takes an interest in school activities all right. That looks good for his future school life. They say he's going to Carnegie Tech. It's a safe bet that he will make good. He's popular with the students and faculty alike, here, and if, when he gets to Carnegie Tech, he shows as much interest in his books as he does now in girls—pardon me, girl—he certainly *will* make good.

7 LUA MARCELLA COOK.

"Cookie."

Philologist; Press Club; Honor Debater; Editor-in-chief of the Easterner; Director of the Bank; Spring Play '14; Honor Student; Friendship Club.

Won't the corridors have a vacant look when Marcella ceases to trot their length and breadth? Joking aside, Marcella is the busiest and most efficient girl at Eastern. The school owes her a vote of thanks for her untiring work on "The Easterner" this year. Surely no boy of previous classes made a better editor-in-chief than our girl of '15. During her four years' sojourn at Eastern, Marcella has served as President of the Philologist Society, Vice-President of the Press Club, and has been an honor student. She has participated in a Spring and Christmas Play and has been an active member of the Program Committee. We all wish Marcella success in whatever career she decides to follow in years to come.

8 JOSEPHINE MARIE WRIGHT.

"Jo."

Philologist; Dramatic; Easterner Staff; Friendship Club.

Yes, Jo is that vivacious little lady with the ever-ready joke. She is the shark of the senior German Class, and has saved the day many times for her grateful fellow-students. Those who saw her as Blanche Bailey in the Spring Play realize her genius as an actress, and we hope she proves as efficient a stenographer as she did leading lady. Jo is always ready to help when she can, and she is not only a favorite with the students, but also with her teachers. She is one of our "little girls,"



but you know, "the best things come in small packages."

9 HARRY LEWIS BALDWIN.

Captain Co. F; Rifle Club; Honor Student.

Harry Baldwin is that good looking little fellow who could be seen on Mondays and Thursdays, leading Co. F in the fight for the flag. Baldwin received honors three years in succession, thus assuring himself a place in Eastern's hall of fame. He is very much interested in Astronomy, Engineering, Physics, Math, Chemistry, and several other subjects which lead to Knowledge. "Poor Richard" is his constant companion—no, not Richard, either; Dick. Baldwin is the chess and checker shark of the school. His manager is said to be negotiating for a match with Capablanca or Marshall. Baldwin will probably attend George Washington next year.

10 VIETTA MARIE DRONEY.
"Vie."

*President of Dramatics; Class Historian;
Spring Play '14; Camp Fire.*

Yes, that's "Vie," that tall, good-looking girl with brown curls and big bright eyes. She has done wonderful work for the Dramatic Society. When a Junior she played the part of Guinivere. This year she was President of the Society and a better President can't be found. Helping write every play and in every line of dramatic endeavor, Vietta showed the school what great work the dramatic president should do. She is also a member of Toc Waugh Camp Fire. Vietta expects to attend Wilson Normal next year. We know her winning disposition will help to make her a success.

11 WORDEN POPE DYER.
*Captain Baseball '13-'14-'15; Pin Committee;
Football; Basketball.*

Dyer is Eastern's wonderful athletic star. Now, judge for yourself! What would you think of a fellow who has been baseball captain the last three years, basketball captain this year, who has also played on the football team and has done all these things well? Besides taking a part in athletics, Dyer was a member of the Pin Committee. Moreover, he is a wonderful "math shark." Why, he could

make Mr. Wallis believe a circle was a square (almost). Eastern is very proud of Dyer and is sad at the thought of losing him.

12 MARGARET GARRETT APPOLD.
Friendship Club.

We cannot think of Margaret unless we are reminded of her happy, musical laugh. She is always "Contented wi' Little and Cantie wi' Mair." Margaret is a faithful Sunday School pupil, and is very fond of studying the different Bible characters, her favorite one being that of *Joseph*. Her favorite pastime is studying at the Congressional Library. After taking a course at Normal School she expects to enter college. We do not know what she is going to do there, but we imagine she will take a domestic science course. Good luck to you, Margaret.

13 MARIAN EMILY ASHBY.

Yes, this little lady with the pretty hazel eyes is the all important little Marion. Though she chose to leave her beloved section, 13A, to tread the lonely P. G. road without her, we forgive her. She foresaw that the poor neglected little children of the graded schools needed her care, more than we needed her gay little self. This little lady has always kept us well educated in the "Styles for the Coming Week," not to mention the art of hair-dressing she possesses. Although Marion intends going through Normal, we have our doubts about her finishing, for seldom do such fascinating young ladies reach the teaching goal.

14 RUTH LADOR BALL.
"Rufus."
Camp Fire; Philologist; Prophetess.

"Rufus" is sure to be around when there is any fun. In fact, she is so full of fun herself that no party or picnic is complete without her. Ruth also has rare acting abilities which were shown by her portrayal of Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet." Ruth is especially fond of old ladies and babies. This probably accounts for the fact that she expects to become a trained nurse. She will begin her course next fall at Johns Hopkins. Ruth belongs to Camp Desire and is the only pupil of Eastern



who has attained the Torch Bearer Degree. She is a member of the Philologist, too. Section 12B3 is fortunate in having Ruth for their prophet.

- 15 ELIZABETH BALDWIN.
"Betty."
Glee Club.

"Betty" is the girl who was characterized as romantic and egotistical. Now we steadfastly affirm that she is not egotistical, but we must confess she is romantic. Her highest ambition is to study music. She is an accomplished musician already, who, we believe, will rival Geraldine Farrar in a few years. Aside from this, she still finds time to rave over her "pet" subject—senior English. We wish you success, "Betty."

- 16 RUTH BELL.
Philologist; Camp Fire; Easterner Staff;
Friendship Club.

Ruth is one of those reliable bodies who is the delight of all who know her. If material is due on a certain date, hers is the first to come in; if something particularly hard or perplexing is to be done in Camp Fire or Philologist, Ruth is selected for that work. Ruth's special hobby is American history, and she has made a success of her hobby. Next year Ruth will go to Normal where she will continue her good work.

- 17 MARGARET KARR BEVERIDGE.
Philologist.

Margaret is one of the most industrious girls of her class. Good in all of her studies, she shines particularly in Senior English, where her talks on Burns and Scotland have been the joy of her classmates. Margaret is fond of doing helpful things for every one. That is why she invented her special method of preparing "Wilhelm Tell." Although Herr Spanhoofd may not know it, this method is being used by half the class. (It isn't the pony method, either.) Margaret is a cheerful body and just the one to go to when you're "down in the dumps." Margaret's great ambition is to become a teacher, and to that end she is going to Normal next year.

- 18 HOWARD ELLIOT AMERICA.
"Buck."
Bank; Cadets.

"Buck" America is one of those fairly quiet fellows who has never created any great furor at school, but who has been doing things just the same. America is the shorthand expert of the school. He is also a Geometry star. But for all his brilliancy in school he is a firm believer in manly sports. The only reason he failed to make the baseball team is that he didn't go out claiming to be too good for it. Next year America will either accept the position of stenographer to the President, or continue his work at a business college.

- 19 FRANCIS PERSIDA BLATT.
Camp Fire.

Frances' strong points are breaking records in shorthand and typewriting and taking Dr. Small's dictation. So good is she in shorthand that whenever any one "gets stuck" on an outline, that person is told to "ask Frances," and his troubles are over. Frances loves to type-write, and can be seen at all hours of the day tapping the keys. However, typewriting isn't Frances' only delight. Fourth year German is full of joys for her. We have even heard that "Wilhelm Tell" is her favorite piece of literature. Next year Frances will probably lighten the burdens in some business office.

- 20 RICHMOND JAMES BECK.

Beck first came to Eastern some few years ago, and after staying with us awhile, left in a moment of thoughtlessness and went to Central. One year away from these halls of learning was enough, however, and he returned repenting his folly in sack-cloth and ashes. Beck has the distinction of having broken more feminine hearts than any one else in school, but of late he has not lived up to his reputation. He has joined the ranks of grass-widowers—his "only one" having left Eastern for the Cathedral School—and is trying to forgive and forget by shining in Latin and other kindred subjects.

- 21 JANE MARGARET BREEN.
"Janie."
Camp Fire.

Jane is one of '15's "tiny little tots," and has the distinction of being the "littlest senior."

But she is one of those spry little things who is always up to something. If you don't believe it, just go into Room 13 at noon, or ask any one in Toc Waugh Camp Fire. Janie is Frances' shadow. If you see one, you see the other. Janie is also a typewriting shark, and the delight of Mr. Catella, for she always has time "to do a little work" for him. Here's good luck to you, Janie.

22 CHRISTINE AGNES BRENNAN.

"Chris."

Dramatics.

Chris is an actress, stenographer, typewriter, and a brilliant "dutch" student. She has many other splendid accomplishments, but shines most before the footlights. Much to our delight, she was leading lady in "How a Woman Keeps a Secret." One other feature about Chris is her lovely blush. How we watch the color mount to her forehead when called on in German. She is scheduled to graduate in June, after which she expects to join her family in Connecticut. If you seek knowledge concerning her future—well—glance at her slender third finger.

23 MARGURITE ETZLER CAMPBELL.

"Midge."

Friendship Club.

"Midge," as her name suggests, is one of our smallest members, but here as always quality counts. Midge, esteemed and loved by all of us, has acquired a reputation here at Eastern which will always be remembered. Have you not heard of her remarkable typewriting speed? She writes more words per minute than any of the other "key rattlers." Midge's favorite pastime is eating pie, but she is also fond of "Beveridges." She is a wonder at the piano ivories as well as typewriting keys. Midge expects to attend a business school next winter, and we wish her success.

24 JOHN FREDERICK BUEHLER.

"Bunny."

"Bunny" is Mac's standby. If it were not for Bunny's ever helpful hand, ever ready smile, and good humor, Mac would have to close the office. Even Mr. Catella noticed

Bunny's efficiency, so he tried to get him to give his services to the bank. (For particulars as to how he succeeded you might ask Bunny.) Bunny is another of those fourth year German stars, and he's one of Mr. Schwartz's pets. At least we should judge so, for Mr. Schwartz asks him to sit near his desk so often. There aren't many who can boast such a distinction.

25 GENEVIEVE CHAPIN.

"Chapie."

Every morning "Chapie" makes that long and perilous journey from Falls Church to Eastern. She has a reserved seat on the 5:15 and woe be to the person who causes her to miss the special. "Chapie" is a Virginian through and through, and can make any one side with the Southerners. Genevieve's strong points are English and historical biography. Miss Bucknam will have another name to put on her reference list when Chapie's "Career of Teddy" is published. Genevieve expects to become a stenographer, and we feel she will make a good one.

26 ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS.

"Elay."

Camp Fire; Easterner Staff.

Eleanor is our artist and Miss Van Doren's pride and comfort. Lately she won the first prize in the Raphael Tuck Contest. Can you beat that? Eleanor has attained the rank of "fire-maker" in Camp Fire. Besides this, she is a member of the "Staff." So you see, when it comes to doing things at Eastern, Elay is right there. Eleanor has given up her plan of writing a work of many volumes on "The Benefits Derived from the Study of the Classics," and is going next year to an art school where we know she will make a name for herself.

27 RUTH ELEANOR DICK.

Dramatics.

Ruth has made many friends during her high school life. She is one of those happy-go-lucky people always ready for a prank. None of us can recall a single dull moment of her career at Eastern. She has completed the course in three and one-half years. She has been a member of the Dramatic Society

and had a part in the Christmas play. She was one of the first members of the Girls' Glee Club, and a member of the Debating Society. Eastern will miss her constant delight in teasing her friends.

We wish her a jolly time at Normal.

28

HAZEN EUGENE COLE.

"Gene."

"Little Eugene Cole
Was a merry young soul,
And a merry young soul was he.
He loved his Math.,
And he loved his French,
And he doted on Geometry."

This explains his jolly disposition. He hated to study and consequently he never did. Therefore, with a clear conscience he's frisked around all day long from 1911 to 1915.

29

MAUDE ELIZABETH DOUGLAS.

Camp Fire.

Maude "studied" for three years at Eastern, and then at the beginning of her senior year went to Tech, but came back again to "Dear Old Eastern" to get her diploma. It is simply impossible for her to stay away from E. H. S. Maude is one of the very enthusiastic Camp Fire girls. Everything that Toc Waugh Camp gives, Maude is sure to take part in. When it comes to hiking, and cooking Camp Fire dinners, Maude is the leader. Maude intends to go to Cornell next year, where she will study, as only Maude can.

30

EDWARD YOUNG DAVIDSON, JR.

*"Doc."**Basketball; Baseball; Track; Rifle Team.*

"Doc" is conspicuous as the original woman hater. He thinks that if he even so much as looks at a girl the very heavens themselves would fall. He is also noted for his learned arguments. We hear that he is writing a book treating on the mistakes in our school system and misstatements in our text books. He is a man of moods. When not in an argument with Mr. Wallis he is laughing at one of Gwin's jokes. (Gwin only tells them to "Doc" because "Doc" is the only one who will laugh at them.) He intends to enter Carnegie Tech next year where he will learn to doctor sick buildings and cure weak railroad systems. He

will also learn to support bridges, but we would like to bet that he will never try to support a wife. All joking aside, "Doc" is a fine fellow, bright in his studies, and well liked by both the faculty and student body. We are sure that no matter what he does, he will reflect great credit upon the school and upon himself.

31

DOROTHY ADELIA DRYER.

Camp Fire.

This dark haired young lady is another one of Mr. Catella's star pupils. Her hobby is taking speed tests and doing "extra work." Dorothy is an enthusiastic German student, in fact, she liked the subject so well that she took it four years. English is another of her favorites, especially the preparation of magazine topics. Dorothy is a member of the Toc Waugh Camp Fire, and one of its best workers. Dorothy says she is going to Normal next year and become a teacher, but from all we've heard, we would suggest that she should go to a domestic science school instead.

32

NELITA ADELAIDE DWYER.

Dramatics.

Here is our only Marathon racer who has really made a commendable record in her particular line of endeavor. Two days out of five she slides through the doorway of Room 13 just as Mac rings the tardy bell. The less said about the other three days the better. Laide's strong points are arguing in English and doing fancy stunts in the gym. Next year she expects to attend Wilson Normal. Those who had the pleasure of seeing her interpretation of Mrs. Candor last winter will realize what a delightful teacher she will be.

33

ELEANORE ALLISON EARNshaw.

*"Nona."**Philologist; Camp Fire; Dramatics; Girls' Basket Ball.*

Looks as is she were popular, doesn't it? Well, that is just what she is. Eleanor is one of the favored girls of Eastern who is well liked by every one. She is a star in all her subjects, especially English and Latin. When in doubt about anything ask Eleanor: she is sure to know. She is trying for a scholarship in George Washington and we are sure she

will succeed, for whatever little Eleanor undertakes she comes pretty near getting. Wherever she finishes her education she will be a credit to the school.

34 MARY ELIZABETH ESTEP.

A head of tousled golden curls and baby blue eyes are our modest little Mary's. Every school day Mary and her friend Annie may be seen trudging across Anacostia bridge with their express wagon load of books beside them. Mary's favorite pastime is holding lengthy German discourses with Herr Schwarz, much to the gratification of the rest of the class.

Two years from now Mary will be imparting some of her wondrous store of knowledge to the little lads and lasses of the District schools. Here's a good-by and good luck to you, Mary.

35 VIRGINIA BUTLER FARNSWORTH.

Philologist; Dramatics; Camp Fire; Pin Committee.

Virginia has taken part in many of the school activities. She was a member of the Pin Committee, and took an active interest in the Philologist and Camp Fire Societies. But with all her outside duties, she has been an honor student all four years. Virginia has a very roaming disposition. Sometimes the beautiful green trees and a glass of soda have served as enticements to draw her out of school. She is going to try Goucher next year and will join her old "pal," Marion Norris, there. We all know Virginia's cheerful disposition will bring her success wherever she goes.

36 GRACE VIVIAN FREED.

Dramatics; Philologist; Friendship Club.

We never see Vivian without a smile. The only way we can account for this is that she is so happy to be in school. She is always sorry when holidays begin and happy when they are over. Vivian is an excellent shorthand student. This is shown by the fact that she does much of Dr. Small's work. Nor is shorthand the only thing in which she shines, for she is Mr. Catella's typewriting pupil. Being fond of zoology, she finds great pleasure in the study of birds, especially their *Bills*. Vivian is

going to take a business course after leaving Eastern.

37 LOUISE JOHANNA GERHARD.
"Crazy."

Camp Fire; Girls' Basket Ball.

"Crazy" is one of those witty girls who enters right into your heart as soon as you meet her. She always has a remark to suit the occasion. In the gymnasium it is always Louise who leads the other girls on. In fact, whenever she is in the party a good time is guaranteed. She is a regular clown for the Camp Fire girls, and is the joy of all their trips. We fear that one of the movie actors, "Sweedie," has used our Louise as a model. "Crazy" expects to attend a business college next year and thus begin her career as a model stenographer.

38 ANNA MALINDA HAGAN.
Dramatics.

Do we know her? Well, I guess! She's the little girl with the rosy cheeks and the "smile that won't come off." Anna is always ready with a joke, yet always anxious to help a classmate out of a difficulty. Anna hails from the beautiful suburb, Anacostia, and even though she has a long journey to school, she arrives in perpetual good humor. This popular young lady is fond of sports, and thinks the outfield the best place on the ball team. (We wonder why?) We sympathize with her when she says, "I expect to go to Normal, but I hope I won't."

39 MARJORIE LILY HAINES.
"Marj."

Prophetess; Dramatics; Easterner Staff; Philologist; Camp Fire; Press Club.

You know Marj, don't you? O, sure you do. The Philologist, the Press Club, the Dramatic Club, the Camp Fire and Easterner Staff have all heard Marjie's contagious laughter and have missed her volley of words when she failed to appear. This versatile friend of ours has even been an honor student while at Eastern. For generosity Marj cannot be excelled. Why, she has even promised to tell some of our futures class night. She cannot decide whether to join the ranks of school teachers or pharmacists, but whatever her

choice ultimately, we know that she will be one grand success.

40 MARIE ELEANOR HARVY.
"M'ree."
Camp Fire.

Marie is the young lady with the auburn curls, for whom every day is "Sundae." Marie's favorite pastimes are camp-firing and eating sundaes. Marie is a stenographer and typewriting shark! Didn't she leave her dearly beloved class because the business world could not get along without her? Didn't Mr. Catella weep tears of sorrow at the loss of a star pupil? What more is needed as convincing proof of her unusual abilities? Marie made many friends while at Eastern, and we all wish her success in her chorus work.

41 EVELYN MARGARET HICKS.
"Hickie."

Little (?) Hickie is a jewel. She wears the smile that won't come off and is always trying to make everybody happy. She works with such rapidity in the drawing room that she keeps Miss Van Doren busy finding work for her to do. Evelyn has a very sympathetic nature. She even feels sorry for the "poor little cats" that have to sleep out in the cold on winter nights. After finishing a course at Normal School, Evelyn wishes to study medicine. Some day we shall hear of the famous Dr. Hicks who graduated from Eastern in 1915.

42 HAZEL DOROTHY HUGHES.
Pin Committee.

Oh, yes, Hazel is the young lady with the auburn (?) hair, whose favorite expression, "I can't be bothered," shows her attitude toward life in general. This last does not apply to Math., however, for she has faithfully clung to this during almost all of her career at Eastern, relinquishing it only at the assurance of Mr. Kimball that he could teach her no more. Nevertheless, Hazel has had time to make many good friends here, and we are sure she will be greatly missed when she leaves these halls and enters upon her career at Normal.

43 GEORGE STOUGHTON ELLIS.
"Bill."

Manager Football; Manager Baseball; Dramatics.

Bill Ellis is absolutely and positively the only one of his kind. He dances like unto no other, and he sneezes ditto. We all remember that wonderful sneeze he pulled in the "Shadow of the Glen." Every time we think of it we quake in our boots. To the surprise of no one, and the pleasure of many, Bill was elected manager of both the football and baseball teams. He arranged an extensive and excellent schedule for each team. Bill is one of the popular people, both with the boys and girls. There is never a social function that he does not attend. Moreover, he is always doing things for "the School." He will join many other Eastern grads. at Dartmouth next year, and we wish him all kinds of success.

44 MARIAN VIRGINIA HUMMER.
Camp Fire.

Marian is known by her favorite expression, "Ain't it dumb," while her taste in food is along the olive and pickle line. She is perfectly happy if she can have a nice sour pickle, but we are glad to say her disposition is anything but sour. She is a quiet little miss, who informs us of her presence only by her charming giggle. Marian belongs to Camp Desire and has attained the Fire Maker's degree. She expects to attend Randolph-Macon next year, and we all wish her success in her studies there.

45 MINER SEARS ELLIS.
Dramatics.

Miner's an actor, there's no doubt about it. He is certainly gifted by the gods. And when it comes to presenting real plays, he's unequalled. Miner is an excellent dancer, too. He always has a new step to show some one and he doesn't mind showing it, either. His perfect manners and winning ways have won him hosts of friends. But Miner is not merely a society man by any means. He is a conscientious, hard working fellow. And whatever he undertakes to do, he does, 'cept the Math, and that wasn't his fault. Nevertheless, it is this trait in Miner that is going to make a glorious future for him.

46

IDA MAY HUNTER.

Ida is the little girl with dark hair and eyes. She has retiring disposition, which is shown by her efforts to avoid recitation. Nevertheless, she is very studious and as a result shines (?) in every subject. We are sure she will be a dependable stenographer and that she will be a valuable asset to any business firm with which she may become affiliated. The best wishes of the class of 1915 go with her.

47

MARY ALICE HUNTER.
Camp Fire.

Mary, the ardent Camp Fire girl! After four years of fire building, mountain climbing, to say nothing of orange peel toasting, she was unanimously awarded the title sought by all followers of the fire, Daughter of the Moon. On camp fire trips Mary always carried off the prize for voice power.

Next year this young prodigy expects to attend a Business College, but secretly admits that she would much prefer to become a fire man—or should we say fire lady—in some such establishment.

48

LOUELLA TOUSEND JACOBS.
"Jake."

Honorary Member of Glee Club; Easterner Staff.

What will Eastern do next year without Louella? It is hard to tell. Miss Van Doren will miss her more than any one, for Louella has been her chief standby ever since she has been at Eastern. Whenever there are any posters to be made, or in fact, anything in the artistic line, Louella is always busy. The beauty of it is, she is always willing. It is her contributions to the Easterner, both to the Scareheads and Locals, that helped make the editions successful. Louella expects to attend Normal next year, and after that she will specialize in drawing and music. In whatever she attempts, we wish her all the success possible.

49

HERBERT STANLEY FESSENDEN.
"Hubby."
Manager Basket Ball; Cadets.

"Hubby." His nick-name would better describe him if we would prefix a "c." He is

slightly inclined to be chubby. Despite his weight, however, he skips lightly about, not to school—oh, no, far away from it. The beautiful spring days awaken within Hubby a desire to rove. He doesn't have to own a ship to be known as a skipper. We have heard that he is trying to reduce his weight. We would like to suggest that he has adopted the wrong method of skipping. Hubby is one of those fellows who is always in a good humor. Nothing depressing about him. He is undecided about what he will do after leaving school, but we are sure that his golden smile will always spread joy about him. Amen.

50

EDITH JULIA KING.

We don't hear much from "Edie," so quiet and retiring is she, but, believe us, she gets results. An "F" is quite a stranger to her. This is largely due to Miss Gardner, who realizes her unusual poetic abilities. Sometimes (not often) she "gets stubborn" and will not even write rhymes, but her good humor, which is never far beneath, soon shows itself and she keeps us laughing with her droll remarks. Her future career is undecided, but we know that on account of her sterling character and genial disposition she will be successful in whatever she undertakes.

51

ELSIE MAY KLINEHANSE.
Friendship Club.

Have you ever happened to be in Room 13 at lunch time and hear Elsie laugh? No matter how serious the subject, no matter what the nature of it, Elsie is sure to see a chance for a joke, and she proceeds to make every one else see it. Although Elsie has never told us, we're positive that she prefers Physical Training to any other subject. Why? Because there she has an opportunity to display her dancing ability. And in that she shines. Elsie knows them all—fox-trot, waltz, fish-walk, or minuet. Next year she is going to Normal, where we are sure she will succeed.

52

ELVA ELISE LEDOUX.

Here's to the girl with the French name, which has been the despair of so many teachers and pupils. But Elva has retained her patience in starting them right, even unto her senior year. All of which brings out her good

disposition. Elva always sees the funny point, even when it isn't there, and her voice betrays her good humor. She is a jolly good companion and loyal friend. Elva expects to attend Normal. We are sure her pupils will never be confronted by a cross or grouchy teacher. We wish you success, Elva.

53 CHARLES KENNETH MANSUY.
Basket Ball; Track; Baseball.

Mansuy the silent, the only imitation of the Sphinx. If the old proverb, "Silence is Golden," still holds true, Mansuy is a gold mine. He certainly is all right when you get to know him. He undertakes everything with an earnestness which would do credit to any one. Being a trifle light, he has had a hard time in athletics. After three years of hard work, however, he has tested success. His motto is "Don't say what you are going to do. Do it." He has not decided what he will do after leaving school, but we are sure he will be successful if he will only make noise enough to keep the world from running over him.

54 DOROTHY LOTZIA LEET.
"Dot."
Dramatics.

Yes, that's Dot. Everybody knows her. She is such a shining light in German that Herr Spanhoofd calls on her every day. Dorothy's hobby is dramatics, and we think she would make a splendid actress from her work in the "Dragon Claw"; but then, when we hear her sing in the Glee Club, we think she had better become a prima donna. However, Dot hasn't planned a definite future; but if you really want to know, maybe the "colonel" would enlighten you.

55 CHARLES GRAHAM RICE.
"Blondy."
Athletic Council; Baseball; Basket Ball; Spring Play.

Step this way, please. That's Blondy, the studious chap with the scowl of wisdom on his erstwhile lovely phiz. Here at Eastern he is THE student on the masculine side of the house. When Eastern days are over, Blondy expects to spend four years at George Washington, four years at the University of Paris,

and then probably four years at Occoquan where he can study undisturbed. It's a relief to say that he has made a record for himself in athletics, having played on the basket ball and baseball teams. Blondy is an all around good sport, and our well wishes follow him wherever he roams.

56 MARY BUSHBY MCCLELLAND

"Little Mary" was one of our lively children. Although she was only shoulder high, yet we were always aware that Mary had her way. By studying hard, she completed the course a semester sooner, so she could graduate with the June class. Mary has always taken an interest in music and for a while was a member of the Girl's Glee Club. She was also a member of that happy bunch, the E B, and helped to provide and also eat the good things that always held such a prominent place at its spreads.

57 ESTHER MADELINE MACK.
Philologist; Friendship Club.

Esther is one of our tiny little tots, but this is a case of "precious things in small packages." We would not know what to do without her bright and shining face. All of our troubles seem to vanish when Esther approaches with her happy smile and beautiful golden curls. She is a loyal member of the Philologist Society. Although she finds great pleasure in all her studies, biology and shorthand are her favorites. Esther expects to enter Normal School, and we wish her much success in her chosen work.

58 MAY IMOGENE MANN.
Staff, Basketball, Philologist, and Spring Play.

Yes, little May Mann was in all of them. She certainly is a nice little lady with cunning smiles and golden curls. She is Mr. Catella's favorite. In one of the plays May showed us that she would make a perfect old maid. We fear, however—but now that is telling tales. May expects to go to Wilson Normal School, where she will study (maybe) to be a kindergarten teacher. This is just what May is suited for, and we wish her the best of luck.

59 THERESA INEZ CECILIA MATTHEWS.
"Ted."

Camp Fire.

Such a long name does not fit such a small girl, so we call her "Ted." Ted is one of those generous-hearted creatures who will help you whenever they can. Have you ever heard Ted pound out rag-time? No? Then you've missed a great treat, for she is certainly gifted in the line of music. When listening to Ted you simply can't make your feet behave. She is also a gifted dancer. Ted expects to become a kindergarten teacher, and we are sure she will capture the hearts of the children, for she has such winning ways.

60 PAULINE LOHMAN.
Camp Fire.

Pauline is the girl who didn't discover the superiority of Eastern over other high schools until her senior year. But, although late in coming, she found a hearty welcome awaiting her. Good in all of her studies she stars particularly in German. After Mr. Spanhoofd has exhausted his patience trying to get a good recitation from a class where such things are scarce he calls on "Fraulein Lohmann," and at last gets what he wants. Pauline is a member of Camp Desire and is one of the most enthusiastic workers of that Camp Fire. Next year Pauline expects to go to Normal.

61 DOROTHY ESTELLE MCCAULEY.
"Dot."
Dramatics.

"Dot," the chic little fashion plate of Eastern, is thinking of joining a law firm, as her main interests are centered in that pursuit. Dorothy is a very studious person, but much of her time is spent in the office, seeking excuse blanks. She has a deeply religious nature, as she is found every Sunday imparting her knowledge of the Scriptures to thirteen small prodigals. Her proficiency in music is shown by her interpretation of the morning hymns. However, she expects to continue her music teaching and to perfect her own talent at the Peabody Conservatory of Music at Baltimore.

62 IVA RAE MERRITT.
Camp Fire; Girls' Basket Ball.

Yes, that's Iva, that tall girl with the light curly hair. Iva is always in a good humor. She is the life of her English class, and her witty remarks afford great amusement to her classmates. She has taken a very active part in the Camp Fire group. Wherever one sees Iva, he is sure to see "Crazy," for these girls are inseparable. Iva hasn't quite decided yet what she will do next year, but whatever she attempts to do we are sure she will be a success at it.

63 HELEN EMBICK MILLER.

For the past year Helen has been one of the happy bunch in Room 1. With the aid of her chum, Marie, she has been one of Eastern's mischief makers. She excels in drawing, and some day we shall find her in charge of the drawing in the new Eastern. Also, she loved to work with Bugs and other "varmint" in the Laboratory, and can inform you on any subject from the metamorphosis of a snail to raising cabbage. We don't know what Helen intends to do next year, but we have an idea that she will impart some of this valuable information to the teachers at Normal.

64 FLORA MAE PALMER.
Dramatics.

Flo—Here is the light and life of 13A. Without Flora our total number of eight would walk through the corridors of E. H. S. like a funeral procession. We feel that an introduction to this well-known person is unnecessary, for her piano playing during assemblies has made her famous. Flora is very moody at times (always after a visit to the marvelous town of Alexandria). She is very studious, so much so, that on an average of twice a week she has given us the pleasure of her company in German. Flora is loyal to her motto, "Eat, drink, and be merry."

65 HELEN GRAY RANKIN.
Philologist; Camp Fire.

A girl with brains for two—that's Helen. She excels in everything she undertakes, but especially in her poetry. Helen takes great

pleasure in putting her thoughts into verse form. What she doesn't know wouldn't fill the back of a two-cent stamp. She has never been fully appreciated—not even by her own classmates. Though she is one of the brilliant students of 13A, Helen does not spend her idle moments talking, as do most of us. Her valuable time is spent to some great purpose. For her companions she has Virgil and Cicero, much to the delight of Miss Hawes.

66 HELEN ANNA RAUCHENSTEIN.
Athletic Council; Basketball.

Helen is a good old scout, well liked by everybody. She is athletically inclined and has served as the third year member of the Athletic Council as well as captain of the fourth year basketball team. Helen is Miss Grosvenor's special pet, lightening the burdens of her physical training comrades by her "would-be funny stuff." Helen's favorite saying is "the water's rough." (Refer to Starvation Camp.) Next year Helen expects to go to Drexel Institute, Philadelphia. Everybody has been wondering why the domestic science course, but perhaps we may suggest that IT is to learn all about—but I guess we had better not finish.

67 ANNABEL RILEY.

Another bunch of foolishness like unto no other. "Pat, Jr." has that effervescing store of fun and good humor which brings laughter from the sternest of the stern. Except when "Chem." confronts her, she is always studying out the best way to carry out some mischievous prank without being caught. The three and a half years of Annabel's Eastern career have left us with dislocated ribs from laughing at her pranks. Another charm is her delicate appetite (?). Her motto through life should always be "Eat, drink, and be merry." May she live up to this at the Normal next year.

68 NORMAN LEO JOHN RODDY.
"Oakum."

Baseball; Football; Basketball; Spring Play.

"Oakum," as his comrades fondly term him, is not so sleepy as his name implies; in fact, he is wide awake—sometimes. As a songster he can't be beat. Every Tuesday we hold our

breath as his melodious voice ascends to the Hanging Gardens of Babylon in that captivating ditty, "At the Vedding." At noon Fergie's Cabaret is the scene of great revelry when the news is passed around the Senior Oakum will favor the patrons (not saints) with a song. With the exception of these nasal outbursts, he keeps well within the bounds of law and order. Next year he intends to sing his way through classes at Catholic University—if he doesn't sing himself into Sing Sing first.

69 EMMA CATHERINE ROETSCHL.
Philologist.

Emma is one of our honor students. We cannot say in what subject she excels, as she stars in all of them. Nor can we say what subject she is most fond of, as she finds great pleasure in every branch of her work. Emma is often disgusted with her last name, but she knows how to appreciate it when there is a substitute who does not call on her because her name is so hard. Emma wants to go to Germany to study music. We advise you not to go for a while yet, Emma.

70 ELMER BERNARD SCHWAB.
Dramatics.

Of course you know "Squab." He is that dignified young man with the cropped hair and pocketful of Vivils. Every girl in his German class adores him because he is so liberal with his chewing gum and candy; no wonder he's so sweet. In the role of "Captain Anstruther" in the Spring Play, Schwab distinguished himself, and the part suited him perfectly. In "Deutsch" Schwab always knows his lesson and usually translates so beautifully that he saves the day for the whole class. Schwab refuses to answer questions, but we feel sure that in whatever he undertakes he will be successful.

71 VIRGINIA WHITTLESEY SARGENT.
"Ginnie."

Virginia is the girl who has made such a record winning prizes from the Humane Society. Virginia's pet theme is "Kindness to Animals," and she can write compositions on this theme which melt the hardest of hard hearts. However, Ginnie doesn't devote all of

her time to one subject. She is very fond of her studies, being one of '15's brightest girls. Zoology and botany are her prime favorites in the lesson line and in these she is expert. We are not sure just what Virginia is going to do next year, but we are sure that whatever it is, it will be well done and reflect credit on old Eastern.

72

EDNA MARIE SHREVE.

This sedate little miss, in order to be very stylish, made her appearance in Eastern two years later than the rest of us. Ed's motto is "Silence is Golden" (especially in the library). We have found only one thing that can change her character. The question "Do you consider yourself a lady?" has a marvelous effect upon her. By the fervor with which she answers this question we believe that Edna would make a prominent leader in the Women's Suffrage Association. But alas—she has set her heart on being in the business world. We feel sure that she will make a success of whatever she undertakes.

73

MARY POWERS SIGGERS.
Camp Fire.

"Mary the Generous," as she is known to her best friends, is a brown haired, brown eyed girl. We often see her swinging along the halls with her athletic walk. Mary came to us from Salem College, N. C., as a Senior, but this doesn't lessen our love for her, for who can help admiring the warm heart of Mary who feels kindly toward every one? Mary plays basketball as if she enjoyed it, and we guess she does. She is one of Camp Desire's members and is "just crazy about Dark Feather and her work." Mary expects to attend the University of Michigan next year.

74

ROBERT MITCHELL TAYLOR.
Dramatics; Cadets.

Job, otherwise known as Robert, is surely "one good old scout." He has made himself famous at school for his wonderful interpretation of Job Seidling on "A Thorn Among Roses," which was presented at one of the dramatic meetings this year. Robert served in the cadets three years and was also a soldier in the Spring Play. When Job has any leis-

ure time, he manages Fealy's Drug Store. (Some soda slinger.) Robert is going to George Washington next year. We all wish him the best of success there.

75

MILDRED SWENEY.

Camp Fire; Philologist; Glee Club.

"Sweetie" is known to all by her rosy cheeks (the kind that doesn't come off). Mildred is fond of athletics, and plays a good game of tennis and basketball. Camp Desire would be helpless without its Firemaker and Treasurer, and very solemn without her wholesome fun and pranks. Mildred is sometimes "forced to giggle" in Latin, much to the consternation of "Elay," who sits near her. We all highly recommend Mildred to Oberlin, where she expects to go next fall, for we know her to be an energetic and very successful student. Philologist and the Glee Club are proud to claim Mildred as a member.

76

KATHERINE WADE TAYLOR.
"Kat."
Philologist.

Do we know Kat? Well, I guess we do know Kat! She's that girl who is in such a hurry to get to Trinity College that she finished her course here at Eastern in three and a half years. In a way we regret this rush, for we understand she aspires to be Mr. Suter's assistant in the Chemistry Department, and we hate to see the new Eastern High School b'own up. Katherine is far famed for her "dear little giggle" as well as for her membership in the "Waffle Quintet." Katherine has been a loyal member of the Philologist Club, and her work in this line was greatly appreciated. We all wish her the best of success next year.

77

OLIVE RODGERS TAYLOR

Here's to the dark-eyed young lady who strolls into music at 9.45 every Tuesday morning. The reason for this delay is that the Taylors live so near Rock Creek Cemetery that the atmosphere of the "sleeping dead" makes Olive drowsy. Out at Potomac Camp, however, Olive wakes up and works like a Trojan. It is there that she has earned the title of "water boy." Olive's password is "Quid Est" and her favorite pastime is the

devouring of "Billy" sundaes. Next year will find Olive a student at George Washington University, and the class wishes her the best of success.

78 WILLIAM VIERBUCHEN TURPIN.

"Bill."

Spring Play.

Turpin is that tall, serious-looking person who continually wears green suits. Green, however, is exceedingly becoming to him, so we forgive his persistency. As a German student none can surpass Turpin. Ask Professor Spanhoofd. Turpin took the part of "Billy Ashe" in the Spring Play and in that role he certainly starred. Who else could have played that part with such an air of ease? William is very fond of canoeing. Ask G. V. T. Turpin expects to go to College after he leaves Eastern, and we are sure he will make many friends in his new field.

79 BRUNETTA TER LINDEN.

"Ter."

"Ter" is that dark-haired young lady who visits the market every day and returns with a bag of sweets. No wonder the girls mob her the minute they see her. "Ter" is the optimist of the school. She is always delighted to see any mark on her report, for as she says, "It might be worse!" As the daughter of a musician, Brunetta naturally stars as a pianist. She will consent to no interviews, so we do not know what she intends to do after leaving Eastern, but we have a hunch that she'd better take a domestic science course.

80 JOHN DUTTON WAINWRIGHT.

"Cunnie."

When J. Dutton entered the illustrious halls of Eastern, a certain young lady was heard to remark that he was the best looking boy in the class. Since then he certainly has not deteriorated any, and as no one else has entered the class, he must *still* be the Apollo thereof. The only thing we know detrimental to him is that he spends too much time *studying* Major Drawing when he should be loafing through Latin or Math. (Oh, dear, we are upset.) All kidding aside, we wish Wainwright every success in the world after he leaves school, and Eastern will be glad to see

him back again any time he sees fit to come.

81

ANNIE DREW THORNE.

Little Annie is one of those quiet, studious girls who promises to be the hope of the land. She is one of the brightest girls in school, having received honors every year. If any one happens to be a little vague as to an English assignment, she asks Annie. She is always able to give the desired information. Annie is always ready to help others in distress and is the type of the true and loyal friend. Annie expects to go to Normal next year, and if she continues to do the excellent work that she is now doing, she will make a model teacher.

82

MARIAN ELIZABETH TUCKER.

Dramatics; Philologist; Easterner; Glee Club; Friendship Club.

Don't you remember sweet Geraldine of the Titian locks, who captured the impregnable heart of Sir Lancelot, in last year's Spring Play? Well, that was Marian! Don't you know the future prima donna who at present condescends to warble with the Glee Club? It's Marian! Do you know who is the pride of Miss Hawes' heart? The same little Marian! This ambitious miss contemplates a four-year course at Mt. Holyoke, from which she will return to Eastern with a long string of appendages radiating from her usual cognomen, in order to teach the great grandchildren of the senior class.

83

MARIE ESTELLE WALCOTT.

Dramatics.

This young lady has done herself credit since entering Eastern. As an artist she has shown unusual talent, as we have all seen, in painting scenery for this year's Spring Play. Also those who have seen her "Victory" pronounce it a fine piece of work. She hasn't decided whether to continue her art study in the Corcoran School or to bury herself in Normal. Marie has also shown her talent in the play called "How a Woman Keeps a Secret." "Katz," as we call her, is full of fun and our best wishes go with her.

84

CAROL LOUISE WALKER.

Dramatics.

Carol is one of our most brilliant girls, both in studies and countenance. Meet her when

you will or where you will, she has the "smile that won't come off." She has always loved her teachers and her lessons, but we learn that since she has been taking a P. G. course, Math. is her favorite study (?? - - ??). Carol is very liberal with her knowledge. Many were the times when the whole 13A. accompanied by William Tell, would meet her at the door. Carol delights in telling and listening to good stories, but most of her own are too subtle for our limited brain matter.

85

LEORA WELLS.

"Lory."

Secretary of Dramatics; Camp Fire; Debate.

Lory is the girl who has chiefly occupied herself with getting in and out of scrapes while here at Eastern. Now, don't get the idea that Lory is absolutely wicked, because she really "ain't," but her capacity for "fun" often puts her in bad with the "powers behind the throne," as she affectionately terms the faculty. Taking Dramatic notes, serving pies and pop, bluffing Herr Schwarz, skipping, and laughing, have been her specialties during her four years' sentence. Considering that these subjects have been a great mental strain, Lory intends to spend the rest of her days recuperating.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

Silvery bearded Lord Time stumbled up the ladder, which leads to the attic, where he was met by the veiled but smiling Lady Future, who having heard the sound of revelry came forth to ascertain its cause, Sir Present, the faithful slave of her ladyship, hastily pushed aside sage old Time and began in his pompous way:

"'Tis the class of '15 gathered together for the last time, dear Lady. I just came up from the drill hall, where they are dancing, and it was certainly a wonderful sight. I've never seen such a remarkable class!" Here the aggrieved Lord Time reminded him that classes had gone

and classes would come with equal attainments; but Sir Present turned a deaf ear to the one who was so ancient that he sometimes forgot.

With a knowing smile, Sir Present continued with his favorite subject, "When the members of this class are reluctantly granted their sheepskins, it is time for great grief. It's a crying shame." Here Present mopped his eyes with a handkerchief, "to put them out just because they are so clever. Why, Dear Lady Future, they are the backbone, the pride of Old Eastern." Here Lord Time, with a cynical leer, attempted to interrupt, but the Present was still eloquent.

"Since September, 1911, I have watched them; since September, 1911, the faculty has praised them. Indeed, Mr. Wallis, the Dictator in Room 8, was so fond of some of the boys that he used to keep them until five and six o'clock; and then there is Dr. Small, did he ever feel quite safe without one or two of '15's huskies in the outer office? There, answer me that, Lord Time."

Old Time shook his head and bade Sir Present continue his ravings, while Lady Future stared into a crystal ball as if fascinated.

Present puffed his cheeks and began again:

"As I said before, they are the most remarkable class since the graduation of Andrew Jackson. Their versatility alone would mark them as shining lights in the pages of history. Why, among their ranks are found the athlete, the poet, the artist, the actor, the actress, the banker, the military gentleman, to say nothing of the student, although he is probably the most interesting type. In English classes he gives such convincing arguments in the

support of the theory of evolution that you begin to suspect his connection with a menagerie.

"In the artistic line their ability is well represented by Miss Custis. Lord Time, show me the member of any other class who captured a \$250.00 prize." But Old Time just grumbled.

"Do you know why the Spring Play was a success?" continued Present. "The noble class of '15 put its shoulder to the wheel, and ergo, the audience has been laughing ever since. What do you suppose those boastful aimless juniors will do for a stage manager when Ray Clark is gone? It looks as though they will be compelled to hire one, and keep the treas-

ury on short coins forever. Poor, deserted Old Eastern, June 18, 1915, is surely a dark day for you.

"Of course, dear Lady, you have often seen those valiant military gentlemen, Col. Gilly and Capt. Harry. Same old story. They belong to the class of '15.

"It's almost midnight, and Lord Time will doze an instant, so you may tell me what you see in days to come for my favorite class," whispered Sir Present to the veiled Lady Future; but she only smiled and said, "Lord Time will tell," but the bells rang twelve, the charm was broken, so Time must tell.

VIETTA DRONEY, '15.

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JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Class

Every age has its epoch; every institution reaches the zenith of its fame. So it is with Eastern High School. In September, 1912, there entered these noble halls of knowledge such a class as never before in the annals of time has been inscribed upon its rolls. Never since the arrival of the class of '16 has enthusiasm been lacking at Eastern. With the verdure of our freshman year still upon us, we began to make our presence felt; but it was not until we came back as Sophomores that the full significance of our unusual talents began to dawn on the other classes, and the august heads of this wonderful institution of learning started to appreciate the greatness which had "been thrust upon them." From that time on the path of this class has been the path of progress, and the other classes regard us with awed admiration as we pass up and down the corridors.

In every school activity, from the debate to the tussle on the gridiron, '16 has shown her ability to maintain the glory of Old Eastern.

What would Co. F be without the boys of '16? What would the teachers do without the shining lights of this unequalled class? No conception can be formed of such a catastrophe!

If modesty did not prevent us, we

would allude to the studious and exceptionally handsome boys, and the clever, good-looking girls found among its members. But, however, these latter qualities are so apparent that they do not need mention. To sum it all up, with apologies to George Washington, '16 is

First in War,
First in Peace,

And first in the hearts of the Faculty.

Here's to the best old class,
That Eastern's ever seen,
The pride of all our loyal hearts,
E. H. S., '16.

Here's to the jolly boys and girls,
The tall, the fat, the lean,
Who stand for all the school holds best,
E. H. S., '16.

We've made the dear old school our
pride
Since we were freshmen green,
"School spirit" is conspicuous, in
E. H. S., '16.

And when next year we sadly go,
We'll leave a record bright and clean.
We'll all be glad that we belonged to
E. H. S., '16.

HELEN SMITH, '16.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomore Class

Motto: "*Flunk, and the class flunks with you;*

Pass, and you pass alone."

We have reached the happy medium. No longer do we belong to that class of little, green, conspicuous animals dubbed "Freshies;" we are not yet studious, conscientious, worldly-wise Juniors, and the infinite glory (?) of being dignified Seniors and bearing their mental burdens is still at a safe distance. There's not a single cloud in our sunny sky. Ours is absolutely the happy, care-free, flunking, yet contented lot of a sophomore. But do not begrudge us our present bliss, for ere long we must concentrate our poor ignorant brains upon the awful duties that approaching months will load upon us.

"A little bird," said that we Sophs are regarded as rather "black sheepish." Well, there *may* be some truth in that, and there may not, but we will not argue the point. "Reputation is what the faculty thinks you to be; Character is what you are." Nuff sed! We regret very sorrowfully that we cannot produce a lengthy epistle on the virtues of "Us and Co.," as the others do, but the reason is

simple enough. We are merely common, ordinary, perfectly natural kinds, and it has taken all our "horsepower" to get ourselves landed safely in the Sophomore Class. "Que factum est." we haven't done anything extraordinarily brilliant or clever.

But we have two more years left, and, after we get a good breath, we will *begin* to show you what 1917—but "actions speak louder than words." Wait and see! We already are the most active class in school. We can prove it, too. It required three attempts on the part of the disgusted photographer to snap our fair visages in repose. And if that isn't convincing enough, just take a peep into Rooms 3 or 12 at noon. Admission, free.

In spite of our seeming insignificance, we are the happiest and busiest mortals alive and would we could always do nothing but read Caesar and study chemistry. But we are determined to finish the royal quest. We are even seriously considering changing our motto. Next year it will be: "Every little bit (of Math) added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

DOROTHY SHANER, '17.





FRESHMAN CLASS



The Freshman Class



It was a bright, autumn day when the Freshmen of this year came to Eastern, and since then the halls have rung with their playful voices and merry laughter. Of course, the class of '18 has realized the fact that they "know not, and know not they know not." However, this has not prevented a show of spirit and participation in school activities. At the games the most enthusiastic "fans" have been the Freshmen. With loud, hearty voices they have cheered for the players and shouted old Eastern's fame on both the gridiron and the diamond. Many of the first year boys have worked faithfully in their studies in order to obtain positions on the different teams, and after their success they worked still harder for the honor and glory of the school.

However, the good freshman qualities lie not only in the direction of sports. Owing to their great ability in English, the *EASTERNER* has had many contributions from the first year sections. The poems and stories were fully appreciated

by all, though perhaps they were written with a green pen.

The emerald's color hasn't embarrassed its present owners in the least. On the contrary, they have seemed to be proud of it, for on "Freshman Day" the green dazzled the eyes of all who gazed upon the brilliantly adorned first-yearers.

The present class of freshmen is noted, too, for its good nature. A proof of this is the way in which the mid-year girls willingly agreed to sit in the library when the section rooms were entirely filled.

When the members of the class of '18 become pious seniors, they may have the pleasure of spending that eventful year in a new building, but of course they can never forget the old Eastern, just for *Auld Lang Syne*.

They are hoping that when their High School career is over, they will have done a great deal for dear, old Eastern, whose fame will grow with each added year.

ONA RITENOUR, '18.





EASTERNEER STAFF

THE STAFF.

Here comes the staff forth from its den,
Each hard-working member has laid
down his pen.

There's a look on each face as duty well
done,

(For believe me, the job that they've had
was no fun!)

They open their lips and in chorus do
wail,

"List, Oh ye tribes, to the Editor's tale.
We've labored and scribbled without any
rest,

And we hope you'll be pleased for we've
all done our best."

"For him who inherits the Editor's stool,
We implore and beseech the support of
the school,

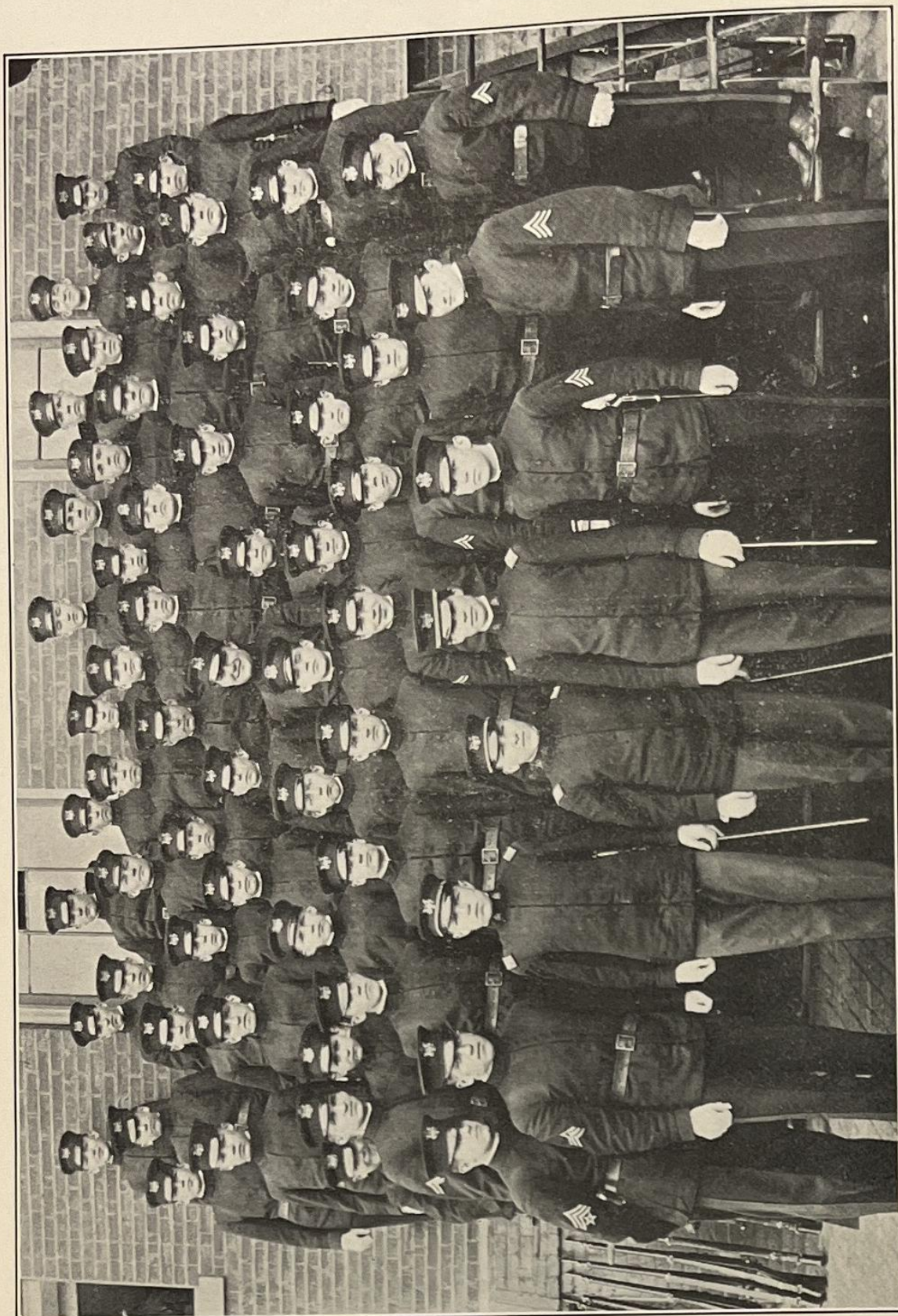
Fill the box full of locals; send stories
galore;

Make THE EASTERNER better than ever
before."

"Let every student, from Senior on down,
Boost the paper and make it the best in
the town.

These are our wishes, the effort's with
you,

But we wish you success in whatever you
do."



COMPANY F

Military Notes

Yea, verily! History repeateth itself.

History has been doing that little thing for about ten years now, and we think it's about time history changed its ways. But cheer up! Better times are coming, for the stars predict two companies and the victory for Eastern in '16.

The Competitive Drill was won this year by Company M of Central; H of Western was second, and A of Central, third. While our Company F was not judged one of the three highest, we are proud to say that Eastern was well and creditably represented. The men in the ranks are to be congratulated upon the excellent showing which they made, and the officers, upon the efficient company which they have developed.

The company walked home from the ball park, singing and yelling all the way and acting generally as though they had won half a dozen drills instead of losing that for which they had worked the whole year. They were accompanied by many members of the school, as well as numerous juvenile admirers, all of whom were only too willing to "Carry your gun, Mister?"

On arriving at school, the cadets replaced their rifles and washed up a bit. They then adjourned to the corner of Seventh and Pennsylvania Ave., where cheers were given and the Captain was appropriately thanked for the hard work and interest which he has given to the company this year.

"Eats" were then in order and were

heartily enjoyed by those who felt like eating and were equally well appreciated by those who felt either mentally or physically indisposed.

After the dinner had been done justice to, several speeches were made. First Lieutenant Graves acted as toastmaster and fulfilled that office exceptionally well. He requested that the speeches be short and lacking in both consolation and "next year stuff."

Speeches were made by Dr. Small, Mr. Schwartz, Mr. Padgett, Col. Clark, Capt. Baldwin, Lieut. Chisholm, ex-Col. Yater, ex-Capt. Deck, and ex-Maj. Taylor. The speakers urged that all of the men enlist next year and by doing this and persuading others to join, make two companies for Eastern and thus double the chance of victory.

Mr. Schwartz told us that he had not expected "F" to do as well as they did, and that he was greatly surprised at the drill they put up. As Mr. Schwartz has observed the company all this year, he ought to know, and anyhow, we cannot but agree with him because we were surprised, too. A company cannot win the drill in the last two or three drill days. The drill must be prepared for all through the year and kidding is poor preparation.

Capt. Baldwin thanked the men for the support they had given him. He said that we did not lose the drill by any bad mistakes, but that the other companies just drilled a little better than we did. The

Continued on page 55



THE RIFLE TEAM



Rifle Notes

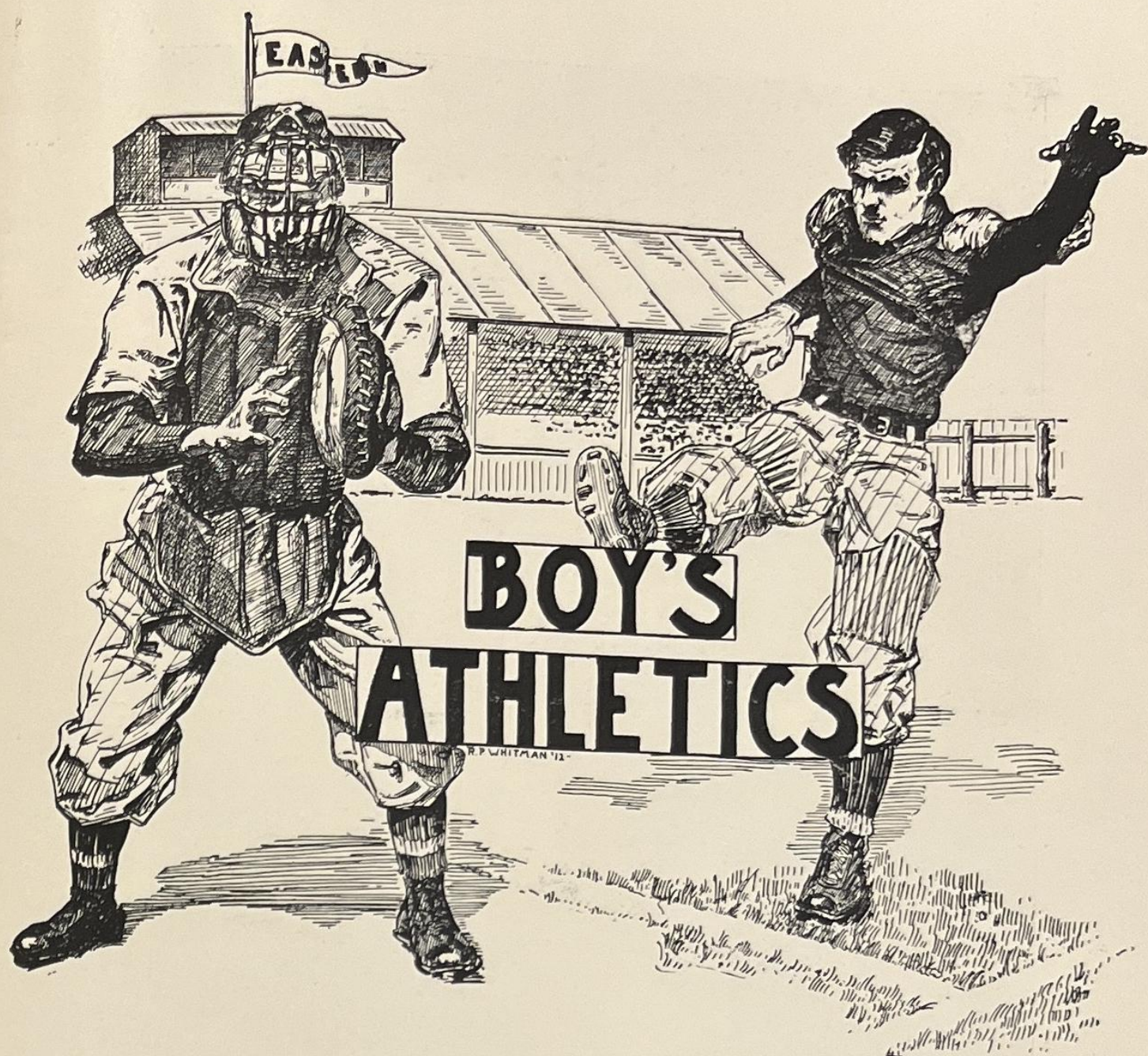


The Indoor Meet was held this year as scheduled, but did not prove a success from Eastern's standpoint. We did come out second in the inter-company match, but in the others our team did not make a very good showing.

The Outdoor Meet was held this year at Winthrop, Md. The teams were taken down on a government tug, and all enjoyed the outing immensely. In this meet, also, Eastern was not very successful. Her teams came out third in each of the three matches. Bruce Gore won third place in the High Score Match, with

a score of 90 out of a possible 100. He also won the medal for making the highest score from Eastern. Out of the seventeen fellows who went to Winthrop, fifteen made the qualification for the Junior Marksman Outdoor Medal. Those making the qualification were: Barkman, Johnson, T. Chisholm, C. Chisholm, Mengert, Speer, Small, H. Graves, F. English, H. Baldwin, Watson, Himmler, S. W. Earnshaw, Gallahan and Gore. Gallahan and Gore were disqualified, however, for being over the age limit.

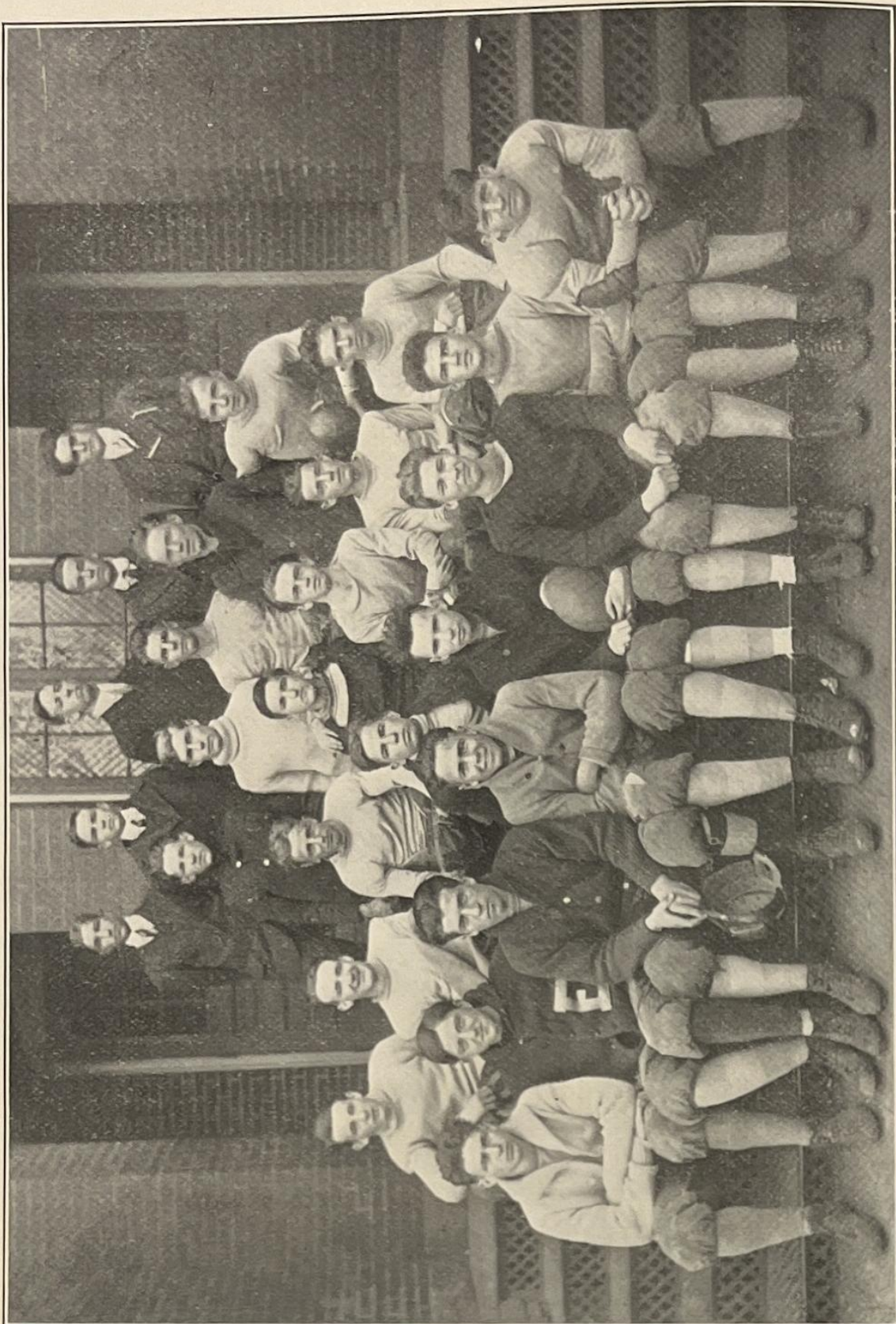
Continued on page 53



FOOTBALL.

When the candidates reported for this year's eleven, the school looked them over. They looked for familiar faces, but their search was vain. Only three men had returned from last year's team. The school began to think that it had no show at all. One of the teachers said, "We must build up for next year." When the preliminary games started, however,

and Eastern won the majority, people began to take notice. "How can such a light team play so well," they asked. The explanation is simple "Team work and not individual work," is the cry of the coaches, and team work it was. Spirit also played an important part. One paper said that weight was not needed with such spirit, and that paper was right. Eastern finished the championship series



FOOTBALL SQUAD

with an average of "500," and tied for second place. Very good for the team that was supposed to build for the following season. Western was defeated as was Central. The defeat of the latter by Eastern was the first in seven years.

Players who received the "E" are: R. Clark (captain), Ellis (manager), Baldwin, Dyer, Jonscher, Graves, Maier, Knapp, Gwin, Horn, Brown, Steltz, Roddy, Lanahan, Thornett, Garman.

A great part of the team's success is

due to Mr. Kimball, the coach. Hawley Smith also did a great deal, coming out every day without a thought of compensation, except the thought, perhaps, that he was helping Old Eastern.

SCHOLASTIC LEAGUE.

	W.	T.	L.	Pct.
Technical	4	0	0	1.000
Eastern	2	0	2	.500
Business	2	0	2	.500
Central	1	1	2	.333
Western	0	1	3	.000



BASKETBALL TEAM

BASKETBALL.

The outlook for basketball was the same as that for football, yet the team finished with an average of .500. This was very good, considering the hardships the team labored under. The gym was

available only twice a week. On other days practice was held at Fifth and Virginia Ave. The team did not murmur, but set to work with a will. When the season opened Eastern presented a combination that was feared by all the other



TRACK TEAM

schools. Mr. Kimball also coached this team, assisted by Mr. McCaffrey and Mr. Smith. It would be a fine thing if others of the Alumni would try to help the old school as these two have done.

Those who received the "E" are: Dyer (captain), Fessender (manager), Rice, Roddy, Baldwin, Davidson and Clark. Others who stuck the season out were Cummings, Barr, Boteler, McAuliffe, Tomlin and Walsh.

SCHOLASTIC STANDING.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Western	4	0	1.000
Business	3	1	.750
EASTERN	2	2	.500
St. Albans.....	1	3	.250
A. and N. Preps.....	0	4	.000

TRACK.

Eastern made a very good showing in track this year, considering the difficulties the team worked under. The school has no coach for this branch of sport. This shows good spirit in the fellows who stuck it out and trained on their own responsibility. Neither does the school furnish track material. Each fellow who goes out for the team must dig in his own pocket and the expense is not light by any means. Nevertheless, some stuck it out, and were rewarded for their work.

In the indoor meets there were no victories chalked up. The relay team comprised of Sherfy, Davidson, McElhannon and Clark barely lost out in its two races. Barr ran a good race in the 880 and Mansuy in the mile. At this point interest died down for a time, and then

came the announcement of the date of the spring meet. A few of the fellows started to train and entered several events. The result was that Barr won the mile and Davidson finished second in the broad jump.

Barr's performance was remarkable. He made the distance in 4.41 on a heavy field. When the race started no one thought of him for it was his first attempt. But when he won rather easily from the favorites and upset the dope, people began to take notice. With a good coach Barr should develop into an exceptional distance man.

Davidson must also be given credit for his work. On looking into the records it will be seen that he has won his letter in three branches of sport this year. He is an all-round athlete. Credit must also be given to those who tried but did not win. They will have another chance next year.

BASEBALL.

Just the opposite from the football and basketball teams, the baseball team started the season with excellent prospects for another championship. When the preliminary games started, however, Eastern lost the majority. The school became alarmed. When the championship games started, our worst fears were realized. Eastern's team finished the season as hopeless cellar champions.

The first game was lost to Business by 11-2. Eastern put up a miserable exhibition of baseball. No one could hold the ball. One would think the boys wore boots instead of gloves. The other games were just repetitions of the first. Eastern lost to Tech by 7-3; to Central by 10-5, and to Western by 6-5. Of course there were some redeeming features. Some of

the boys played a consistent article of ball. The trouble was every one was for himself. Team work was utterly lacking. It seemed as if the famed *Eastern spirit* had been buried.

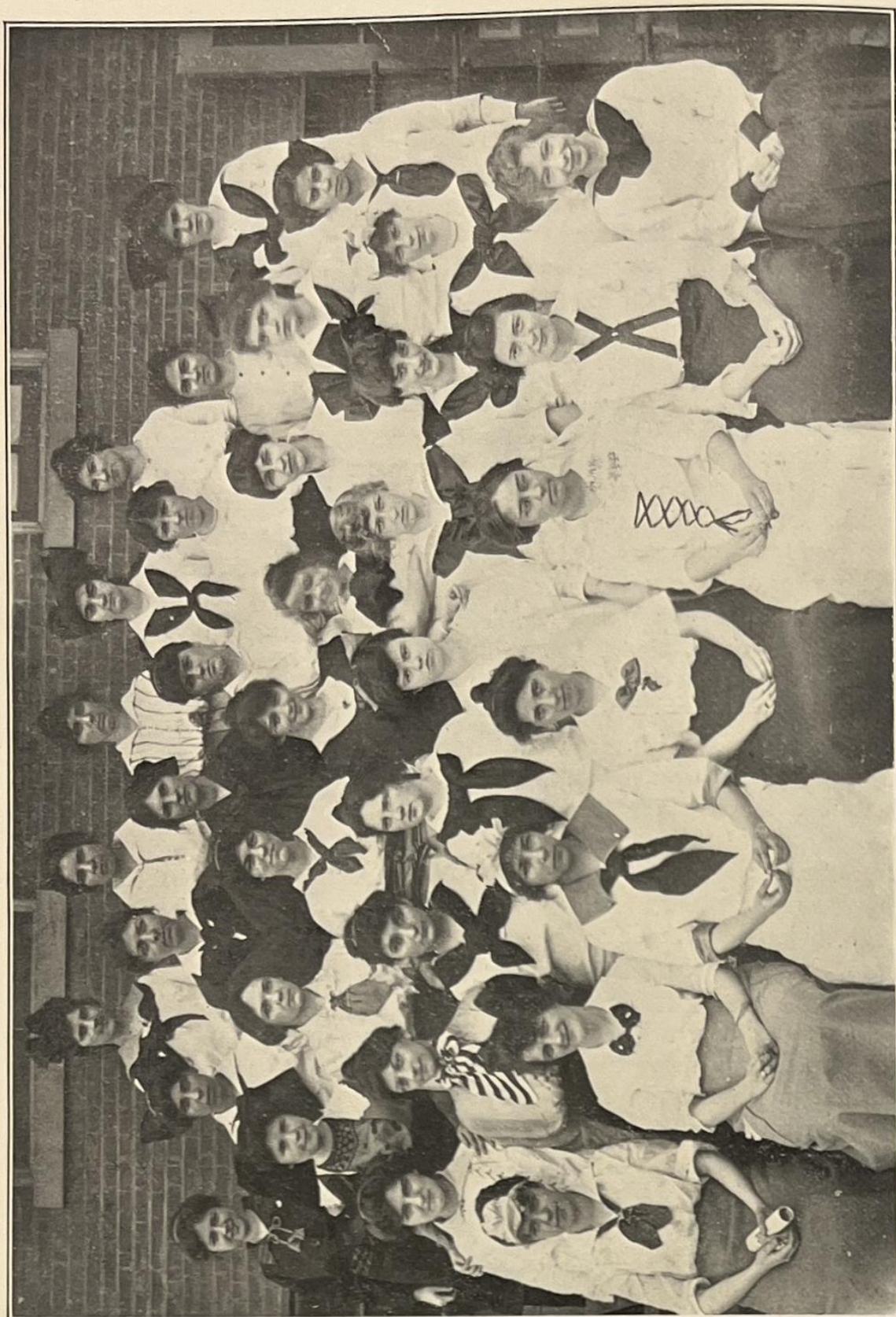
One reason for the showing made was the number of flunkers. Some of the best men on the team fell behind in their studies, and so the team was deprived of their services. It is about time the fellows were taking a tumble. There is no excuse for failures. A little extra effort can overcome many difficulties. Of course they should have been notified that they were falling behind. A system was put into operation some time ago but not carried out successfully this year. Remember, efficiency in scholastic work is just as essential as efficiency in athletics.

A word in closing: "Bill" Ellis has managed both the baseball and football teams this year. His work makes him one of the best managers an Eastern team has ever had. He deserves great credit for the work he has done this year.

GIRL'S ATHLETICS.

At the beginning of the year girl's athletics were absolutely dead. Gradually things began to wake up, and by Christmas the girls were enthusiastic and ready for hard work. Every Tuesday the two Junior teams, and likewise the Senior teams, met in the drill hall. The girls played some very interesting games of basketball and enjoyed the sport immensely. Then things came to a standstill when the boy's basketball season began. The girls had very little chance to practice, for the boys used the gym nearly every day, either for practice or for

Continued on page 48.



PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY



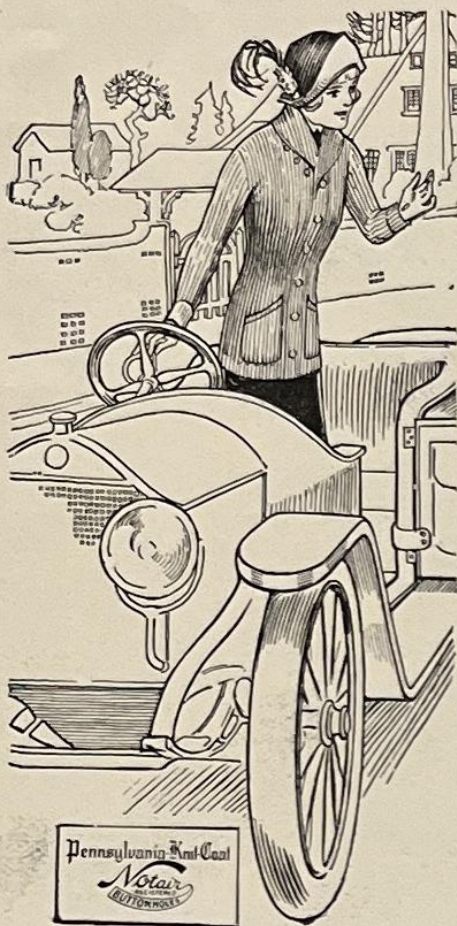
CAMPFIRE GIRLS

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.*Continued from page 45.*

games. In this way the enthusiasm which had overtaken the girls died out until all interest seemed to be lost. The basketball season being over it was supposed that the girl's teams would resume their practice, but they never regained their former enthusiasm. The Senior teams failed to appear at all. It is true that the Junior teams did resume their practice for a short while, but this did not last very long. In the short time that they did play the two teams developed marvelously and showed good form. If they

had stuck it out, though, much more could have been accomplished than really was. We are living in hopes that the Juniors of this year will make an early start next year and accomplish more as Seniors.

Now that the warm weather has set in, tennis seems to be the sport of the day. The court south of the school has been in use for several weeks. The new court at the north, which is exclusively for girls, is now completed and ready for use. These courts will afford great pleasure to the students during the summer.



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News



PHILOLOGIAN NOTES.

The Philologian Society has just closed one of its most successful years. Under the presidency of Marcella Cook and Jo Waight, the club has enjoyed a series of excellent and interesting meetings. The work has not been confined to one branch of literature, but poetry, prose and the drama have been studied. The principal poets who were studied were Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes. An interesting program was given on O. Henry, and some of his clever work was read. Lady Gregory and Richard Harding Davis were also studied and very much enjoyed. Several miscellaneous subjects were used, one of the most interesting being "The Belgians and Their Needs." At this meeting we were brought to realize more forcibly the suffering and need of the Belgian people.

Not only has the club had some delightful programs, but also several successful social functions. The dances have been well attended and enjoyed by all.

In February the membership of the society was increased to forty, and it is hoped that the club will have a successful year next year, and keep up its membership.

CAMP FIRE

The Potomac Camp Fire group held a council meeting at Camp Desire camp on Saturday, the 15th. Numerous honors were awarded to the members. Miss Merrill has given up the guardianship of this group because of the Camp Fire ruling which says that a guardian may only hold a guardianship for one group. The girls, however, have secured the neces-

sary applications papers for Mrs. Taylor, and every one is looking forward with pleasure to her taking charge.

There has been a new Camp Fire group formed at Eastern under the guardianship of Mrs. Loudenslager, known as the Ocela Camp Fire. Their second council meeting was held on May 20th, at the home of Vivian Michael in Chevy Chase. Margaret Runbeck gave an Indian legend and games were played. This new group is composed of thirteen wide awake girls and we not only wish, but expect, great things from the Ocela Camp Fire in the future.

A Grand Council Meeting of all the Camp Fire girls in the city was held May 21 in the gymnasium of the Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church. Dr. and Mrs. Gulick, the originators of the Camp Fire organization, were present and spoke to the girls and their parents. Mrs. Gulick spoke of different symbols and their meanings. Her illustrations were highly interesting to the girls, especially Mrs. Gulick's own Camp Fire costume which she displayed. Dr. Gulick spoke for combined effort on the part of all the Camp Fire girls in everything and especially in attempting to establish a permanent camp. The girls received honors for some one thing they had accomplished with the aid of their mothers. Songs were sung by the girls and one of the group gave a "stunt." The meeting was the biggest thing ever attempted by the Camp Fires of the city, and its undoubted success was very gratifying to the girls as well as to Miss Merrill who, as chairman of the Guardian Council, had full charge.



E. H. S. BANK STAFF

THE BANK.

The Eastern High School Bank was organized in the year 1913, and since then has enjoyed two fairly successful years. True, the total deposits of the past year were not as great as the total deposits of the first year. However, great plans for next year have been conceived in the fertile minds of Mr. Catella and the members of the force. These plans will be made public as time passes.

The students in school certainly have not supported the Bank as they should have done. It should be remembered that this matter of supporting the Bank is one which will eventually work for the good of the student. A snug little bank account is something not to be sneered at, and everyone who possibly can, should try to get one.

The officers for the past year are as follows:

G. C. Clark, President.
H. W. Graves, Vice-President.
N. M. Sandoe, Cashier.
C. M. Boteler, Accountant.
A. C. McAuliffe, Ass't Accountant.
M. W. Summers, Bookkeeper.
W. E. Barkman, Teller.
H. E. America, Teller.

"Mamma, is papa going to die and go to heaven?"

"Why, Bobby, what put such an absurd idea into your head?"

Mr. Taylor, in English: "The scenery is exquisite, stretching for miles and miles, made up mostly of beautiful yellow stones."

CHARACTER

Is revealed, in part at least, by one's judgement in matters of dress. It has been our life study to procure only the haberdashery that shows Character. Buying here is safe.

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OFFICERS OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB

DRAMATICS.

The dramatic work for the year is over and it has been a very successful year. The hard efforts and conscientious work of all those connected with the dramatic society has made this year one of the best in the history of the school. In spite of the fact that the work on the spring play was not started until late in the year, the play was a wonderful success. Every one worked and worked and worked, and so presented a nearly perfect production of Richard Harding Davis' farce comedy "The Galloper." Jo Waight, in the leading role, kept the audience in continuous uproar. Her clever personality aided her skillfully to play her difficult part. Edith Barnes and Edna Tucker both took their parts exceptionally well. Being only

Juniors they stand an excellent chance for next year's spring play. May Mann, as Mrs. Sybil Schwartz of Newark, played her part so cunningly that she captured the impregnable heart of Captain O'Malley, alias Colonel Gillie Clark. Walter Graves, the leading man, played his part as no other could have done. He won the audience when he first stepped upon the stage. Tony McAuliffe will, without doubt, be leading man next year. He was unequalled as an English war correspondent. Ray Clark and his red whiskers will never be forgotten. Ray has done unequalled work in dramatics while at Eastern. Schwab and Turpin made their debuts to the dramatic world in the spring play, and the school is wondering how such talent could have re-

mained hidden so long. George English, Eddie Maier and "Slippery" Gwin were very versatile, each taking several parts. "Fate" Walsh is an inimitable addition to the dramatic society. The cast also included Marie Walcott, Joe Baldwin, Norman Roddy, "Blondy" Rice, Main Sandoe and Charles Mansuy.

The play went off perfectly, with smoothness unknown to amateur performers and producers. No small part of this success is due to the hard work of the stage manager, Ray Clark. Every one connected with dramatics in anyway knows the competent, ever needed and helpful stage manager.

But no one can think of the spring play and not think of Miss McColm. She really gave the play. Without her it is doubtful whether there could have been a spring play. The cast appreciated her work so sincerely, that they presented her with a beautiful silver loving cup.

Miss Van Doren also deserves much praise, as it was she who made the scenery for the play or superintended its making. Miss Merrill and her Camp Fire girls helped with the costumes.

And last, but by no means least, the student body deserves credit for the support they gave. No matter how well a thing is gotten up, it is not a success unless properly supported by the students.

As this year has come to an end, it is well to look over the work that has been done. Many good sketches have been given, from the comic and light ones to the tragic and deeper ones. Every one has been well presented, too. This proves that a great interest has been taken in dramatics this year. Be sure to keep this interest next year! Do not let it die during the summer vacation, but come back

to Eastern next year ready to do even greater things for the Dramatic Society. You underclass people! really you must make yourselves known in dramatic work for the future of the society depends entirely on you. If you work next year, and the others keep the interest of this year, Eastern's Dramatic Society will be the best ever known in the history of the school. Here's the best success to next year's Dramatic Society.

RIFLE NOTES.

Continued from page 40.

By the time this issue of the EASTERNER is published, the winner of the "Rice Medal" will have been announced. W. S. Small, Jr., will have been presented with the rifle which was offered by Capt. Barkman for the best shot in the freshman class, and the Rifle Club E's will have been presented to those who have shot in two or more matches. Those who are to receive letters are: Barkman, Johnson, Mengert, Gore, Gallahan, Maier, C. Chisholm and T. Chisholm.

Although Eastern has won no matches this year, the year has been a most successful one in view of the furtherance of good rifle shooting. The number of outdoor qualifications for this year greatly exceeded that of last and the general standard of shooting has been greatly improved. The fact that the Rifle Club has had such a successful year is probably due to the great interest which has been taken in the club by Mr. Schwartz. Mr. Schwartz was always on hand for rifle practice and was always ready to help a member of the club. The EASTERNER takes this occasion to congratulate Mr. Schwartz on the success of the Rifle Club.

SCHOOL HAPPENINGS.

On May 18th, Peace Day, Dr. Small read to the school, President Wilson's address at the naval parade in New York City. This speech was very appropriate for a peace day celebration.

The Senior Class has held several meetings, during which the speakers for Class Night have been chosen. They are as follows: historian, Vietta Dronev; speaker to the undergraduates, Raymond Clark; prophetesses, Ruth Ball, Marie Walcott, Jo Waight and Marjorie Haines. The class poet will be chosen by a committee of English teachers, who will decide upon anonymous sample poems. At a recent meeting it was decided that class night would be June 17th, and graduation June 18th.

The annual drawing exhibition was held on June 11th. The drawing rooms were open from four until ten o'clock in the afternoon. The exhibition was continued again in the evening. It was preceded by an entertainment by the Girls' Glee Club, and some of the physical training classes. The drawing rooms were opened also on the afternoon of the 14th. There was a good attendance, and both the entertainment and the exhibition were pronounced a success.

On Thursday afternoon, May 20th, the officers of the Cadet Company gave the members of the company a "feed." Miss Johnson and several Senior girls had charge of the refreshments, which consisted of ice cream, cake and punch. Dr. Small, Colonel Clark and Captain Baldwin made speeches. After this, there was dancing which was greatly enjoyed by all.

EXCHANGE.

As this is our last issue, we wish to thank our various exchanges for their co-operation with us this year.

The following is a list of those papers which we have received more or less regularly:

- "Balance Sheet," Washington, D. C.
- "Brown Alumni Monthly," Providence, R. I.
- "Canton High School Monthly," Canton, Ohio.
- "Columbia Alumni News," New York City.
- "Comet," Milwaukee, Wis.
- "Cornell Daily Sun," Ithaca, N. Y.
- "Echo," Nashville, Tenn.
- "English High School Record," Boston, Mass.
- "Forge," Cincinnati, Ohio.
- "Frederick Boy's High School Monthly," Frederick, Md.
- "Gleam," St. Paul, Minn.
- "Gold and Blue," Salt Lake City, Utah.
- "Gordonian," Philadelphia, Pa.
- "Habit," Salina, Kansas.
- "High School Impressions," Scranton, Pa.
- "Jack-O-Lantern," Hanover, N. H.
- "Langarian," Vancouver, B. C.
- "Maroon and White," Alexandria, Va.
- "Optimist," Bloomington, Ill.
- "Oriole," Baltimore, Md.
- "Pivot," Newark, N. J.
- "Purple and Gray," Burlington, Iowa.
- "Red and White," Chicago, Ill.
- "Review," Washington, D. C.
- "Searchlight," West Newton, Pa.
- "Somerville High School Radiator," Boston, Mass.
- "Spectator," Johnstown, Pa.
- "Student," Detroit, Mich.
- "Tattler," Ithaca, N. Y.

"Tech Life," Washington, D. C.
 "Thistle," Toledo, Kansas.
 "Toltec," Durango, Colorado.
 "Trinity Tripod," Hartford, Conn.
 "University Hatchet," Washington,
 D. C.
 "Vindex," Elmira, N. Y.
 "Western," Washington, D. C.
 "Wigwam," North Yakima, Wash.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The Eastern High School Alumni Association held a theater benefit at the Columbia Theater on May 31, 1915. Many students of the school as well as the Alumni were in attendance. A "moonlight trip" was held on Monday, June 7, 1915. A good time was enjoyed by all who attended. Tickets for both the benefit and the excursion were procured from Mr. A. L. Fessenden, secretary of the association, at 635 Seventh Street, N. E.

The marriage of Miss Mae Tull and Mr. Osmand Varela, both of the class of 1913, took place on April 28, 1915.

Stirling Wilson ('11) has been made editor-in-chief of the "Jack-O-Lantern," the school paper of Dartmouth.

"Jimmy" Defendorf ('12) is playing shortstop on the Wesleyan team.

Thomas Geary, "Country Fisher" ('14), is holding down third base for the Midshipmen at Annapolis. Last fall "Country" was the second choice for end on the eleven.

HONORS FOR EASTERN STUDENTS.

Douglas Powell ('15) has recently received an appointment from this District

of Columbia to Annapolis. Powell was second on the list of twenty.

John Roper ('16) has received an appointment to Annapolis and is now studying at Columbia Preparatory School.

Christopher Tenley received a prize of \$10 from the "Boy's Magazine." This was for the best essay on Daniel Boone.

Eleanor Custis ('15) has been the recipient of a prize of \$250 offered by the Raphael Tuck Co. for the best color schemes. Miss Custis was the highest in the first class, which was open to all competitors between the ages of 14 and 18 years.

MILITARY NOTES.

Continued from page 39.

EASTERNER wishes to congratulate the captain on the fine work he has done and on the good results he has obtained in spite of many handicaps. The other officers, too, are to be congratulated.

After the speeches, the prize cadets were announced as follows: Best drilled and disciplined cadet, R. Baldwin; best experienced cadet, Speer; best inexperienced cadet, Cummins; best February cadet, Plowman. The following received honorable mention: Cook, McElhannon, Brockman, W. B. Earshaw, T. F. English and G. W. English. The Prize Squad Banner was awarded to Corporal Childs' squad; Corporal Graves' squad received honorable mention.

The officers of Company "F" for the past year were as follows: Captain, H. L. Baldwin; first lieutenant, H. W. Graves; second lieutenant, T. L. Chisholm; first sergeant, A. C. McAuliffe; other ser-

geants in order of rank, W. E. Barkman, C. M. Boteler, E. L. Maier, E. R. Handy; corporals, Torrey, H. C. Graves, Douglas, Summers, D. Gates, Childs, Gallahan and H. Gates.

All of the men who were in the company this year should re-enlist and so make it possible to have two companies. There are more than enough boys for two and this is a good way to show your school spirit. The cadets next year should start working as soon as the companies are organized and should strive steadily throughout the year to bring back the flag which is at present a stranger to Eastern. Here's to two companies for next year and the victory for "Dear Old Eastern."

LOCALS.

"I've been having the most trouble with my cook!"

"Why don't you fire her?"

"I can't; she's a fireless cooker."

Miss Bucknam: "Can any one give the arguments on both sides of the Webster-Haynes debate?"

Miss McCaffrey: "No; but I can give the arguments on both sides of the Leet-Haines debate."

She: "I told you to come after supper."

He (modestly): "That's what I came after."

Senior: "How do Freshmen resemble real estate?"

Soph: "Got me."

Senior: "They're a vacant lot."

Go wash your hands, it's clean-up week.

Miss McColm (music): "Some people talk right through the records."

Miss Bucknam: "What was Lee's purpose in the battle of Gettysburg?"

E. T.: "Well, he wanted to get to New York so he could kill all the rich men and get into the banks and get their money."

Roddy: "Where yuh been Dessez?"

Les: "Up to the Library doin' my lessons."

Oakum: "Where yuh goin' now?"

Les: "I'm goin' home to study."

Margaret, who is secretary: "Oh, Lois, I don't know the minutes of that meeting. Can't you whisper 'em off to me when I get up?"

Innocent Dooly: "Haven't you a watch?"

Mr. Schwartz: "I want the study-hall-ers to be quiet."

Smoot in History: "They made a new law so that no woman could become king."

Camille: "The 1916 Fords are made without doors."

Maggy Lee: "How do they get in them?"

Camille: "With a can opener."

Miss Bucknam: "The Venetians increased their commerce by taking the crusaders to the Holy Land; in what other way did they increase it?"

Smoot: "By bringing 'em back."

Mr. Schwartz: "No! In the future tense the 'e' is dropped."

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Miss Scofield: "Well, I did drop it."

Mr. Schwartz: "Excuse me, I didn't hear it drop."

Stuart, translating German: "My friend and I take many walks in this scenery."

Mr. Burton, in English: "I couldn't find out anything about Writs of Existence."

Miss Grosvenor: "Yes, they sell olive oil and other kinds of canned fish."

Miss Bucknam in Examination: "What was the Hundred Years' War and how long did it last?"

Brockman: "O, I've got my costume."

Ray: "What is it?"

Bryan: "Tan shoes and a cigarette."

Miss Pitcher, translating Latin: "Caesar led his army into the Bellovaci."

Marjorie: "What is a realist?"

Adelaide: "Why one of those chaps who turn the reels in the moving pictures, I guess."

Senior: What is the difference between a barber and a sculptor?

Junior: I dunno; what?

Senior: A barber curls up and dyes, while a sculptor makes faces and busts.

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ing material and the sugar are put into the vats with the cream and the whole is thoroughly mixed by large paddles which revolve in the vats. When the ingredients are thoroughly mixed a valve at the bottom of the vat is opened and the mixture passes through a sanitary pipe into the freezers, which are in a room directly beneath. The freezers, which consist of a cylinder of pure German Silver surrounded by a jacket through which a very cold brine is continually circulating, are so constructed that the process of freezing may be watched. When the freezing mixture has arrived at a certain stage, it is drawn off into the sterilized cans in which it is distributed. These cans are then placed in a room, the temperature of which is even colder than that in which the cream is kept. Here it is frozen solid and is then ready for delivery. This process is carried out in such a clean and sanitary way that it is really a pleasure to watch the manufacture of ice-cream in an establishment such as the Chapin-Sacks Manufacturing Company. And if you go to inspect the building, you will be able to understand for yourself why the "Velvet Kind" has gained its great popularity, for PURITY and wholesomeness. Visitors are welcome at the plant at all times.

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THE EASTERNER

MOTTO: DO WELL, DO BETTER, DO BEST

The Easterner is a quarterly paper devoted to the interests of the Eastern High School, its faculty, alumni, and students. Literary contributions, which should be written on but one side of the paper and addressed to the Editor, are solicited from all.

Vol XIX

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 1

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"Making Over Billy"

A sorrowful little figure crept from behind the big telegraph pole in front of the Crafton Bakery and walked dejectedly down Quincy Street, eyes gloomily intent upon the ground, and his cap pulled shamefully over them. Bub Craig's loyal little heart was heavy; it was almost broken beyond repair. Never, no never again would he carry his little red head in the air proudly; he doubted is he would ever feel like whistling again. The world seemed a dull and dreary place to Bub. But, great guns! if it had *only* been a boy who had said it!

The scathing sarcasm repeated itself again and again in Bub's head.

"If I were a boy, I'd scorn to be a quitter. I'd stick to the ship and take the consequences. I'd never be a coward like Billy Craig!"

And *that* was what she had said about Billy. Oh, the sting of those words and the aches they caused one loyal little heart! His hands itched and his fists clenched unconsciously.

Bub had almost forgotten the Other Girl. All he remembered was that her eyes were blue and smiling as she bravely retorted, "Whatever I may think of Billy Craig, I will never believe that!" She had taken his side! It was at least comforting to know that they didn't *all* believe he was a coward and a quitter. But he would feel so much better if he could have given someone a black eye for it. It would have evened matters up a little.

A hearty slap upon his shoulder startled him from his gloomy reverie.

"Lo, Bub! Where ya going?"

"Lo; goin' home!" Bub was not any too congenial tonight.

"Goin' to th' game tomorrow?" in-

quired Link Ryan. Link, of course, could think nor talk of anything but game, game, game, which was only natural, for *his* brother was the star player on the varsity team.

"Sure," was the unspirited reply. Bub was in no mood to talk of football or of anything else to a boy whose brother was Rod Ryan; yet he knew that once Link got started there would be no peace for him.

"Member th' time Rod made two touchdowns? Gee!" Link was only a boy, after all, and he couldn't help adding, "That was the same game that Bill got put out for rough work and made Crafton get penal——?" Something inside of Bub Craig spanned with a bang; something else flashed at the same time in his wrathful gray eyes that made Link stop a moment. But Bub was waiting. And Link, because he delighted in singing Rod's praises, had to go on. It wasn't his fault, was it, that the other fellow didn't show up well in a comparison with the almighty Rod? So—

"Too bad Bill was so yellow that——"

It had come! It had come! They were the very words Bub was waiting for.

"Say it again! Say it again!" he shrieked in a terrible fury. But he didn't give him a chance to take his dare. In less time than it takes to tell it, somebody had a bleeding nose and a black eye. And it wasn't Bub, either, for he continued walking down Quincy Street with his little red head halfway in the air, for *all* the Craigs weren't yellow and—he had partly evened matters up.

That night footballs, black eyes, and boys who were "yellow" abounded in confusion in Bub's dreams, but Thanksgiving Day was clear and sunny without a hint of the grayness of Bub's yesterday. The air was filled with invigorating crispness and even Bub had to admit that the old world was all right. He had

seen Bill start off for the campus early in the afternoon, his brawny shoulders high above the rest, and he wondered how anyone could call him "yellow."

At the game Bub made a startling discovery that started his heart in quicker motion. She was sitting in back of him, the girl with the smiling blue eyes. If he had only told Bill what she had said, maybe—but it was too late; the game had started.

Now was Bill's chance to prove himself; he would show them that he was no quitter, of that much Bub was confident.

The November sun smiled benignly upon both teams. The Erie eleven was heavier and more skillful than the Crafton team and the field was soon a mass of dodging, squirming, fighting men. Billy Craig went into the struggle half-heartedly with a lazy indifference that disgusted the grandstand but came as a



blow in Bub's face. He looked around at Her as though he would read the answer in her eyes, but they were puzzled and doubtful, too.

Oh, how could a *real* boy be out on that glorious field and act as he was. She was beginning to believe that he *was* a quitter.

In the thickest part of the game while Billy was making a wretched attempt to smash the interference coming around his end, he was hastily brushed aside and the opposing team swept straight down the field and under the goal posts for the first score.

After that, there wasn't the least little bit of hope left in Bub. He was sure it

was all over. Billy had taken the test and failed—oh, so miserably. Unconsciously he turned around. Her eyes were wistful and Bub imagined he saw tears in them. He fervently hoped she wasn't as disappointed as he, but he knew she was. If only he could do something!

The third quarter had started and Billy had left the field on the plea of a wrenched wrist. Crafton doubted!

Out on the field Rod Ryan was awakening. It was up to him to save Crafton. Already the Erie eleven had made two touchdowns and Crafton had not scored at all. Then Rod made a touchdown! That was more than Bub could stand. The whole grandstand cheered lustily—cheered the Blue and Gold and—Rod, on to victory; but Bub could hear the beating of his heart above it all.

Making his way through the crowd he climbed over the fence to the bench of line-ups.

"Bill!" he called huskily.

Bill came quickly, anxiously.

"Why, Bub, old top, what's up?" he asked.

Oh, how Bub did hate to tell him, but it was the one and only way.

"Bill, you ought to have seen Her when you quit! Please go back in; show 'em what you're made of—prove you're not a quitter and that you're not 'yellow.' And, Bill, have you thought of Dad?" Little-brother instinct! What would Bill have done without it? Bub had bravely done his duty and he went back to wait.

Something 'way down in Billy Craig's heart began to work queerly. He began to think what a cad he had been, but there wasn't time for that. His wonderful shoulders squared themselves unconsciously as he walked into the field.

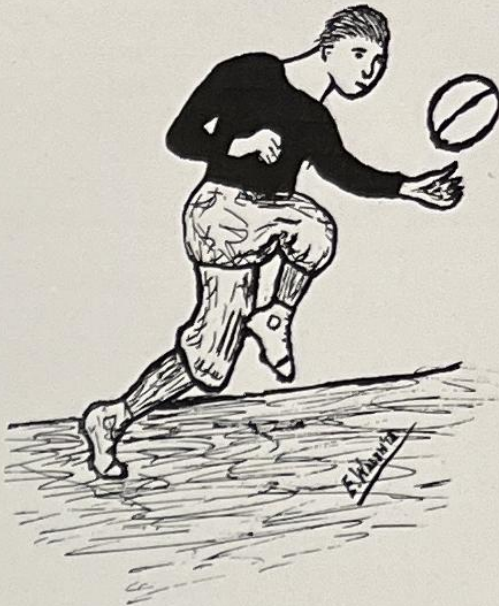
Bub grinned happily himself as he heard a pair of gloved hands clap softly behind him and a soft sigh of relief escape from the Girl with the Blue Eyes.

With a springy, eager step, his eyes shining and his jaw set, Billy ran to answer the summons of the whistle. He was glad he had another chance. He fairly flew to take his place for the kick-off. He worked like lightning. He was everywhere, tackling, blocking, and con-

fusing the other team by his speed. The grandstand gasped. Then it held its breath. Bub looked around once more.

Her eyes were shining now; her cheeks were flushed and as the grandstand gave one glorious, lusty cheer for Craig, her banner of blue and gold waved joyously, madly in the air.

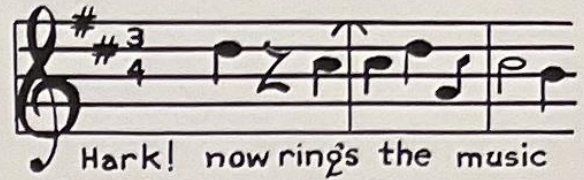
Billy had the ball hugged close; his muscles were tired and sore, but he had to prove he wasn't "yellow." On he ran, knocking all obstacles right and left with a stiff arm. He was almost there! His breath was coming fast; he must jump if he would make it. A wiry leap in the air and a soft, dull thud! He was over the line!



There he lay in an exhausted heap. His ankle had twisted itself in his fall. The pain was torturing him, drawing his face into hard lines, and he bit his lips to keep down the groans.

His teammates were coming joyfully toward him; his name was yelled across the campus from end to end. As they lifted him high upon their shoulders and carried him through the gate, out of the great gay throng, he saw only two things—a waving banner of blue and gold above a pair of smiling blue eyes, and a little red-headed boy with a beaming face. Bub was hunting Link Ryan, for Bill Craig had won the victory for Crafton. He had saved the team from defeat, had better than that, he had proved that he wasn't "yellow."

DOROTHY SHANER, 10B.



GLEE CLUB NEWS

Listen!

The sounds came from the direction of the assembly hall—Oh! it is Monday afternoon, and the Girls' Glee Club is having its weekly rehearsal. The organization now numbers forty young ladies, all of more or less musical talent, who find great pleasure in this one rehearsal, and are privileged in being able to make a study of some beautiful music, through the courtesy of the Rubenstein Club of this city. Miss Edna Tucker has been elected president of the club; Miss Helen Whitman, treasurer; Miss Bessie Wood, librarian, and Mrs. Byram, director.

The boys are renewing their efforts in the direction of a glee club, which was temporarily suspended last year, and have a smaller though quite as promising a club. There is a call for tenors and basses, and a quick response is urged. They meet on Wednesday afternoon. They have elected officers as follows: President, Earl G. Jonscher; treasurer, David Gates; librarian, C. E. Burns.

The response for material to form an orchestra was far greater relatively than that of a high school more than twice our size, and it is certain that Mr. Cogswell will be pleased when he holds his first rehearsal.

With a "sunrise" class of forty earnest young students meeting at 8:45 on Tuesday morning to work out the scientific side of music, and the rest of two and a half days filled with classes in ensemble singing, who says that our interest in music is lacking?

This is one of our activities that costs less effort, and brings more joy, than almost any other. Shall we not all support it earnestly and joyfully?

Captain Deck, of the horse marines,
He feeds his horse on pork and beans.

Editorials

The Beginning of a New Year

What are we going to do this year? This is a question asked at the beginning of every school year, and which is always answered in the same way by all: "A great deal." We all decide to study hard, to support athletics, the regiment, and the other school activities, and make this year a banner year in all respects. But do we always succeed? Some of us may, but the majority of us do not. Eastern will need all the support it can get this year from every student. Results are what we want, not expectations. Think it over, and then do something for your alma mater.

Freshmen! Support the School!

Just because you are freshmen don't get the idea that you are not to help make the school a success. You are expected to contribute just as much toward the support of the school as any other class.

Besides, now that you are in your first year it is the time for you to begin to do things, and thus prepare yourselves for the roles you will have to enact in the school life in your second, third, and fourth years. Four years from now the cadet companies will need captains and lieutenants. They will be chosen from the present freshman class. The various athletic organizations will need captains and managers. Your class will have to supply them. So get into the thick of things right now, show your colors, make things go, prove that you are worthy to be numbered among those at Eastern, and before your school career is ended, you will be sure to realize at least one of your present ambitions as a just reward for your faithful support, and for your unceasing efforts for the betterment of your school.

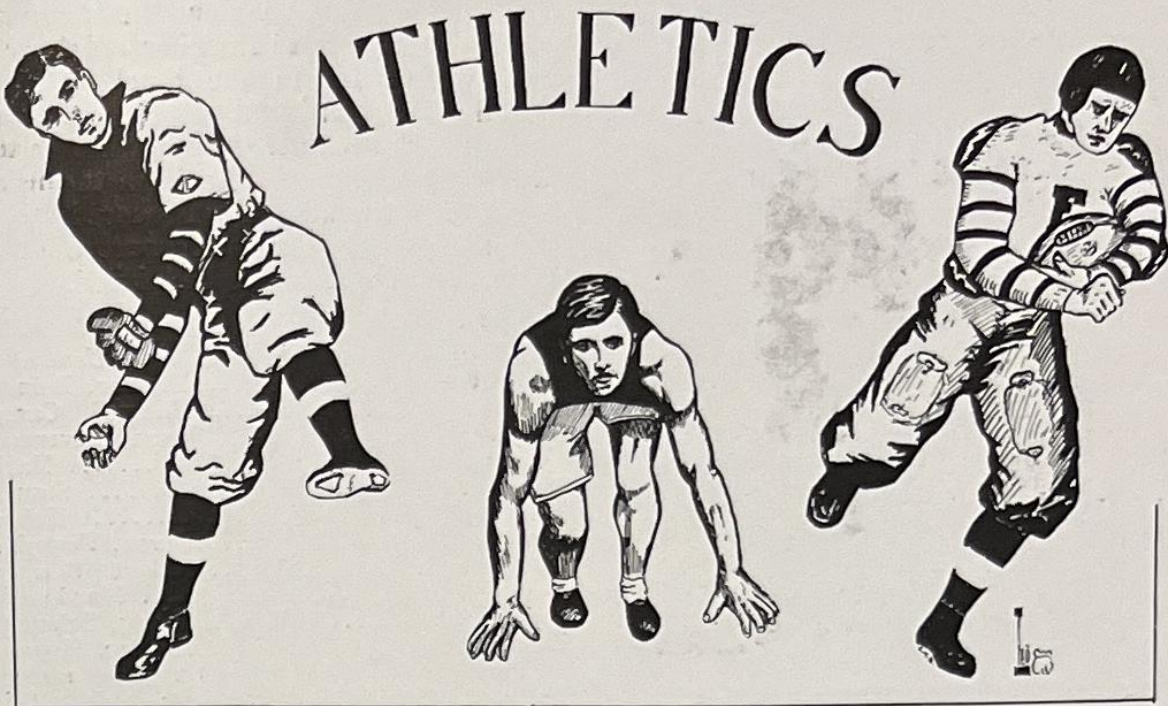
Athletics

This, as you probably have noticed, is the Foot Ball Number. We would like to include all the teams in this issue, but football occupies the center of the stage, and therefore must get most of the space. To date, Eastern has played two high school games, one with the Central High School, and one with the Western High School. The Central team won the first game by a score of 6 to 0, and the Western team the second by a score of 14 to 0. The team this year is the lightest and least experienced of any we have had for some time, but it possesses the fighting spirit. High school teams may line up against Eastern with the expectation of winning, but they always expect a fight, and they always get one. A clean playing, scrappy team always makes a name for itself. Captain Lanahan's team is doing this.

A Change in Faculty Adviser

THE EASTERNER deeply regrets the resignation of Miss Bucknam as the faculty adviser of THE EASTERNER. During the past seven years, under her guiding hand, THE EASTERNER has gradually risen to be one of the foremost high school publications in the East. We do not doubt that the paper would have ceased to exist without the loyal and efficient support of its former faculty adviser. She has stood by us at all times, and has made THE EASTERNER a success when the most loyal supporters of the school thought it would be a failure. We sincerely hope that she will attain as great success in her other undertakings as she has with THE EASTERNER.

We feel assured that in Mr. Wattawa we have an adviser who is well qualified to take her place. We congratulate ourselves on being so fortunate as to have a man of Mr. Wattawa's attainments to pilot us through the present school year.



Eastern's 1915 football team started work on the first day of school, when promptly at 2 o'clock twenty-four boys answered Coach Kimble's call for candidates. After the suits were given out, a light practice, which consisted of the rudiments of the game, was held on the school lot. A few days later the team journeyed to Rosedale for the first scrimmage.

Although the team has lost the services of Clark, Roddy, Baldwin, Horne, and Dyer, Coach Kimble had seven "E" men and several substitutes of last year's eleven as a nucleus with which to begin the season. Upon looking over the list it was found that there were nine new candidates, eager to make their reputations on the gridiron. It is hoped that these new boys will come to practice each day and work hard, for remember, fellows, it's the "stickers" that make the team. Those who have been out for football are as follows: Captain Lanahan, Manager Jonscher, Barr, Gwin, Maier,

Garman, Speer, Steltz, Hunt, G. English, Hardy, Brockwell, Small, R. Baldwin, Sweeney, Cummings, McCarthy, Sherfy, Knapp and Flaherty.

The team this year is a very light one and in order to make a good showing in the High School Series will have to develop a large amount of speed. Coach Kimble is therefore laying much stress on this line of the work.

The schedule is as follows:

Oct. 9.—Randolph-Macon, at Front Royal, Va.

Oct. 15.—Army-Navy Preps, at A.-N. grounds.

Oct. 19.—Central High School.

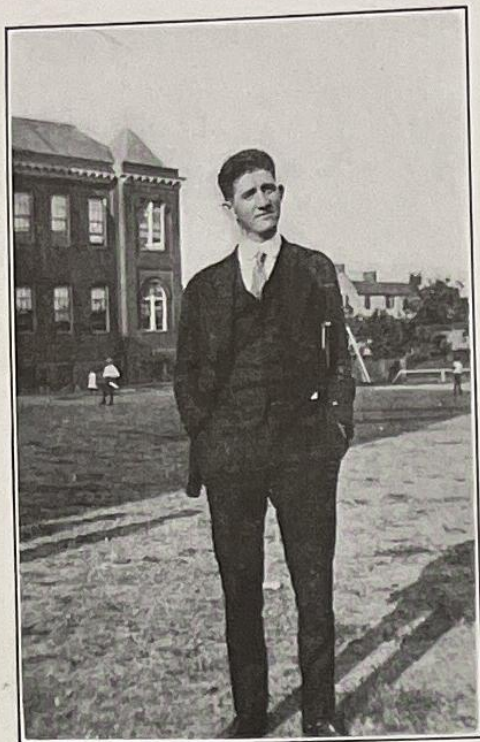
Oct. 23.—Charlotte Hall, at Charlotte Hall, Md.

Oct. 26.—Western High School.

Oct. 30.—Georgetown Preps, at Georgetown field.

Nov. 5.—Business High School.

Nov. 16.—Technical High School.



CAPTAIN LANAHAN

In the second practice game, Eastern was defeated, but not until A. and N. Preps had been extended to the limit, the score being 7 to 0. The line played very well in this game, the work of Maier and Graves featuring. The attempts of our backfield to gain on end runs met with little success. Fullback Barr made most of Eastern's gain by his line plunging.

The line-up:

<i>Eastern</i>		<i>A. and N. Preps</i>
Small	L.E.	Sweeney
Hunt, Brockwell	L.T.	Weller
Maier	L.G.	Miller
Graves	C.	Royal
English	R.G.	Foster
Lanahan (Capt.)	R.T.	Dunn
Speer	R.E.	French Rhorsbach
Newman	Q.B.	Walters
Cummings	R.H.B.	Gibney
Garman, Hardy	L.H.B.	Smith
Barr	F.B.	Wicks

In the first Inter-High School game, Central won a 6-to-0 victory from Eastern. The first part of this game was marred by fumbling on both sides, our team being quite adept in this line. In the second half, Eastern settled down and played much better. The team was kept on the defensive most of the time, and on the whole showed strength in this line, keeping Central from scoring after

they had rushed the ball to the 5-yard line. The backfield which represented Eastern was quite a light and inexperienced one, and, under the circumstances, made a good showing. Fullback Barr was again in the limelight and played a very consistent game, gaining at will through the line. Captain Lanahan, Graves, and Garman starred in the line.

Central's touchdown was scored by a forward pass in the latter part of the game, after three passes had failed.

The score:

<i>Eastern</i>		<i>Central</i>
Speer, Garman	L.E.	Kaplan, Belnap
Steltz	L.T.	Bidwell, Carey
English, Hunt	L.G.	Jones, Stevenson
Graves	C.	Nash
Maier	R.G.	Stoner
Lanahan (Capt.)	R.T.	Tabor
Jonscher	R.E.	Saxon, Pennyb'r
Newman	Q.B.	Roberts, Belcher
Sweeney	R.H.B.	Macdonald
Cummings	L.H.B.	Long, Ochstadt
Barr	F.B.	Selden, Hoover

Summary—Touchdown, Long. Goal missed, Roberts. Field goal missed, Ochstadt. Referee, Mr. Magoffin, Michigan. Umpire, Mr. O'Reilly, Georgetown. Head Linesman—Mr. McGuire, Harvard. Time of periods, 10 minutes.

Eastern, instead of bewildering Western in our second Inter-High School game, was herself bewildered by the punting of Peck for Western, which was one of the chief factors in Eastern's defeat, 14—0. Western gained its points by two touchdowns, one being scored early in the first period, the second during the third period. While Eastern was outweighed and out-played, Western was lucky enough to get the breaks, the penalties inflicted upon Eastern at various stages of the game being very disastrous.

Western started out to play a kicking game. After Captain Lanahan had kicked off, Peck, on Western's first play, booted the ball for 65 yards. Eastern, after rushing for a few downs, kicked and recovered the ball on the 40-yard line. Then Eastern was penalized 15 yards for holding, after which Garman punted. Western worked its way to our 5-yard line, but our fellows held on the fourth down only to receive a penalty of 5 yards for off-side. Western was given the ball on our 1-yard line and on the second play shoved the ball across the goal line.

Western's second touchdown was scored in somewhat the same way as the first one. Peck again made a long kick and an Eastern man fumbled the ball on our 8-yard line, Western recovering the ball. Western was held for downs, but one of our fellows was off-side and it was Western's ball on the 1-yard line. However, it took two plays before the goal was scored.

Our team did not show to advantage until the last quarter, when Captain Lanahan and "Reds" Sweeney gained much ground in charging the line. However, it was too late to begin and before the team could get within striking distance of Western's goal, the whistle blew, ending the game.

Captain Lanahan and Barr played a very consistent game, Barr being Eastern's chief ground gainer.

<i>Eastern</i>		<i>Western</i>
Garman	L.E.....	Roher
Steltz	L.T.....	Hume
English	L.G.....	Weedon
Graves	C.....	McKelway
Maier	R.G.....	Willis
Lanahan (Capt.)	R.T.....	Grayson
Jonscher	R.E.....	Mackall
Newman	O.B.....	O'Brien
Sweeney	L.H.B.....	Beyer
Cummings	R.H.B.....	Peck
Barr	F.B.....	Smith

Summary:

Substitutions—Speer for Jonscher, Jonscher for Lanahan, Lanahan for Newman, Henson for Weedon, Elgin for Henson, West for Mackall, Holmes for Elgin, Sinclair for Roher, Sergeant for Beyer. Touchdowns—Peck and Beyer. Goal from touchdowns—O'Brien. Referee—Mr. Magoffin, Michigan. Umpire—Mr. O'Reilly, Georgetown. Head Linesman, Mr. Dugan, Gonzaga. Time of periods, 10 minutes each.

Eastern still has two more games to play, against Business and Tech, and in order to make a good showing in these two games, our fellows will have to show a big reversal of form.

The purpose of school athletics is to promote the physical welfare of students and to provide them with wholesome and enjoyable recreation.

The purpose of competitive interscholastic athletic contests is to provide opportunity for the representative boys in the several high schools to meet in friendly, honorable, gentlemanly competition. By "representative boys" is meant those boys

of athletic ability who fulfil the standards of scholarship, conduct, and character that the schools require of those who expect the school diploma.

Inter-high school athletics are governed by the following body of rules

Washington High Schools ELIGIBILITY RULES IN ATHLETICS

Adopted by High School Principals
September, 1911; Revised April, 1913

To be eligible to compete in any inter-high school championship game, the contestant—

1. Must be taking three major subjects, two of which must be included in the following list:

English	German
Physics	History
Latin	Shorthand
Spanish	Bookkeeping
Mathematics	Commercial Geography
Chemistry	Physical Geography
Greek	Commercial Law
French	

2. Must be enrolled not later than October 15 for the first semester; not later than February 15 for the second semester.

3. Must have received at least two advisory and one semester reports prior to his participation; but nothing in this rule shall be construed as vitiating the eligibility of a boy who, having satisfied this residence rule, shall have been out of school one or more semesters preceding his participation in sport, provided he shall not have been in attendance at any other school in the meantime.

4. Must have not received compensation for athletic service nor have received a cash prize in any contest, nor have competed under an assumed name.

5. Must be under 21 years of age.

6. Must not be a graduate of any high school in a 4-year course.

7. May not participate in local championship games for more than four years. Any participation in one inter-high school championship contest in any branch of athletics shall be construed as competition for 1 year in all branches.

8. (a) May not represent his school during the next following advisory period if he receives a "P" or "D" on an advisory or semester report, except that a mark of "D" on a semester report re-

moved not later than fourteen days after the beginning of the new semester shall not disqualify.

(b) A withheld mark shall disqualify until entered. A mark shall be withheld only in cases where a pupil has failed to complete a certain portion of the work of the period because of absence from school; said absence due only to sickness or to some imperative necessity.

(c) A dropped study in which unsatisfactory work was being done shall be considered as having the mark of "D" at the end of the advisory period unless a subject substituted for it shall receive a passing mark.

GENERAL RULES GOVERNING CONTESTS

1. No ties in football shall be played off.

2. All football games shall consist of 20-minute halves.

3. In all contests the scheduled series shall be moved in the event of a postponed game.

In addition to these inter-scholastic rules, there are certain requirements in the Eastern High School relative to eligibility and emblems:

1. Members of teams to be eligible for the award of the school monogram must at all times be faithful in practice, respect and obey school regulations, observe the rules of training during the athletic season and govern themselves according to the best standards of athletic conduct. Failure to report for practice without excuse shall be cause for suspension from the team.

2. Members of athletic squads must be scrupulous in their regard for athletic proprieties. Any member of an athletic squad who fails to turn over, on demand, to any authorized agent of the Athletic Association all athletic property loaned to him by the Association shall be liable to forfeiture of right to receive or wear any athletic insignia awarded by the school; forfeiture of the privilege of representing the Eastern High School in any form of athletics. The same rule holds for any member of any squad who appropriates the athletic material of a fellow member without the permission of the coach.

3. A student for cause may be debarred by the principal from participation in athletics and from receiving athletic em-

blems. ("Cause" is misconduct, either a flagrant act or cumulative misconduct.)

4. Students who have fulfilled the requirements stated above may be given the school monogram by vote of the Athletic Council.

a. To members of the football team who have played in at least two full halves as any championship contest.

b. To members of the baseball team who have played in at least one full game of a championship contest.

c. To members of the track team who have won at least one point in any Inter-High School Meet.

The athletic ideals of the school are expressed in—

EIGHT GREAT LAWS OF SPORT

1. Follow sport for sport's sake.
2. Play the game within the rules, and lose or win with honor.
3. True sportsmen are courteous and friendly in their games.
4. A sportsman must have courage.
5. The umpire shall decide the game.
6. Honor for the victors, but no derision for the vanquished.
7. A true sportsman is a good loser in his games.
8. The sportsman may have pride in his success; no conceit.

Barkman: "Fashion says that our clothes must match our hair this year."

Boteler: "Here's hopin' it's a mild winter, for Mr. Schwartz's sake."

Gates: "Is the checker team self supporting?"

Graves: "No, it couldn't even pay for its board."

Miss Boyd: "Here, you can't smoke in the library."

Dade: "Why not?"

Miss Boyd: "Everybody knows it's dangerous to have fire around a magazine."

"I'm going in the coal business with my father."

"Pretty soft, eh?"

School News

Upon our return to school this year we found that two of our teachers, Miss McCalm, of the English Department, and Dr. Spandhoofd, teacher of German, had been transferred to the Central High School. Eastern students extend their best wishes to them and hope that they will be pleased with their new surroundings. Their places are filled by Mr. Wattawa and Dr. Leineweber, and THE EASTERNER, in behalf of the school, welcomes them to places on our faculty.

On the morning of September 30, a cadet rally was held in the assembly hall. The object of this rally was to urge the boys to enlist and help get two companies at Eastern this year. Major McCathran was present and made a speech in which he pointed out the benefits to be derived from being a member of the cadet regiment. Speeches also were made by ex-Colonel Yater and ex-Captain Deck.

On the afternoon of September 30, the members of the Mav F. Wood's Tent of the Daughters of Veterans of Illinois, presented Eastern with a flag which had been made by them entirely by hand. It was presented by the Tent Commander. The Tent then proceeded to make Dr. Small an honorary member. The flag has been hung in the main hall in accordance with their wishes.

On October 5 an athletic rally was held. Mr. Wallis spoke to us concerning the financial needs of the Association, and the methods by which money was to be raised to support it. Coach Kimble also spoke to us on the chances this year for football honors. He predicted a successful season. Captain Lanahan then made a brief address, asking the boys to come out for the team and show more spirit. He also urged those players who are in the "Intellectual Hospital" to study and "get out" so that they could be counted on to strengthen the team after the first advisory.

On October 19 another cadet rally was held. This was for the further boosting

of the two-company idea. Lieutenant-Colonel Maier spoke to us and brought to our attention the fact that if Eastern did not get two companies this year, it would have even less chance for the flag than last year, for there will be at least six more companies this year. Dr. Small spoke and reminded us that the more companies there were the greater chance we would have for the colonelcy this year. It is hoped the boys will join the ranks and in this way promote our chances for winning the competitive drill and also assure us of the honor of having the colonelcy at Eastern for five consecutive times.

On October 19, the day of the first football game, we were called to the assembly hall to practice cheers and songs, to elect a cheer leader, and to hear what the coach and Captain Lanahan had to say. They seemed to think that we should beat Central. As result of the ballots cast for cheer leader, Brown was elected and Gates was made assistant.

THE EASTERNER rally was held on October 25. The editor-in-chief, Boteler, gave a talk and pointed out that each member of the school could help the literary part of the paper by sending in jokes, stories, and poems, and told how they could help the business side by securing advertisements and by subscribing to the paper themselves. Speeches were also made by Business Manager Maier, his assistant, English, and Mr. Wattawa. They told how the paper had to have money to exist, and urged every member of the school not only to subscribe themselves, but to get their friends who were former students at Eastern to subscribe and in this way help finance the paper.

The class of '17 suffered the loss of one of its most popular and lovable members in the death of Virginia Grosvenor in September, 1915. The school extends its sincere sympathy to her parents.

On October 21, Mr. Cogswell spoke to us concerning the forming of an orchestra here at Eastern. We hope that all those who can play any instrument will report to Mrs. Byram, for a school orchestra is a fine thing to have.

The following is the list of students who obtained honors for the year ending June, 1915:

Graduating Honors—

First: Miss Marcella Cook.
Miss Annie Thorn.
Miss Lillie Ritenour.
Second: Miss Marjorie Haines.
Miss Emma Roetchi.

Fourth Year—

First: Miss Ruth Bell.
Miss Marcella Cook.
Miss Esther Mack.
Miss Lillie Ritenour.
Miss Emma Roetchi.
Miss Annie Thorn.
Mr. Richmond Beck.
Second: Miss Margaret Beveridge.
Miss Eleanor Custis.
Miss Mary Estep.
Virginia Farnsworth.
Miss Marjorie Haines.
Miss Mildred Sweeny.
Miss Josephine Waight.

Third Year—

First: Miss Pearl Beard.
Miss Bertha Lucas.
Second: Miss Hazel Harvey.
Miss Marjorie Hicks.
Miss Roberta McWade.
Miss Katherine Stone.
Mr. Ernest Barkman.

Second Year—

First: Miss Helen Loudenslager.
Miss Vivian Michael.
Miss Margaret Metzger.
Miss Helen Powell.
Miss Gertrude Rassback.
Miss Camilla Schwab.
Second: Miss Marjorie Reynolds.
Miss Dorothy Garges.
Miss Sarah Long.
Miss Grace Robinson.
Mr. William Burton.
Mr. Charles Chisholm.

First Year—

First: Miss Dorthea Cook.
Miss Louise Dalby.
Miss Louise Ford.
Second: Miss Ona Ritenour.
Miss Mae Markley.
Miss Willie Thorne.
Miss Lurena Van Dorn.
Mr. Edward Pickford.
Mr. Willard Small.

Philologist

So far this year the Philologist Society has had some very interesting meetings, among which were the October meeting, and the one on Thomas Nelson Page. In one of the meetings the girls of the club enjoyed a talk by Miss Gardner. This talk brought to mind the main object of the society, and aroused the interest of all present. Plans for the Thanksgiving dance have been completed, and all are looking forward to a good time.

Camp-Fire Notes

Ocela Camp Fire camped for a week during the summer at Bird Lawn, Maryland, where they had a very pleasant time. One evening the girls gave an original play.

Camp Fire Desire camped four days in June near the end of school at their tepee at Camp Desire. The girls secured a permit to go in swimming, which they used and enjoyed very much.

Pocahontas Camp Fire spent two weeks of their vacation in July in a cottage at North Beach, Md. Many of the girls have acquired great skill in swimming, and one or two are ready to receive the red health bead for swimming the required hundred yards.

A Craft exhibit was held by all the Camp Fires in the city, Saturday, October 9, at Camp Desire. Many beautifully decorated ceremonial gowns and dainty evening dresses were on exhibition. There were also many useful and ornamental articles in metal work, leather, stencil, and embroidery to be seen. Miss Merrill gave a short talk upon the various possibilities in decorating the ceremonial gowns.

Camp Fire Desire gave a ghost party with invited boy friends at Camp Desire, Saturday, October 2. They arrayed themselves as ghosts and amused themselves by playing follow-my-leader over the hills and dales. Later on in the day

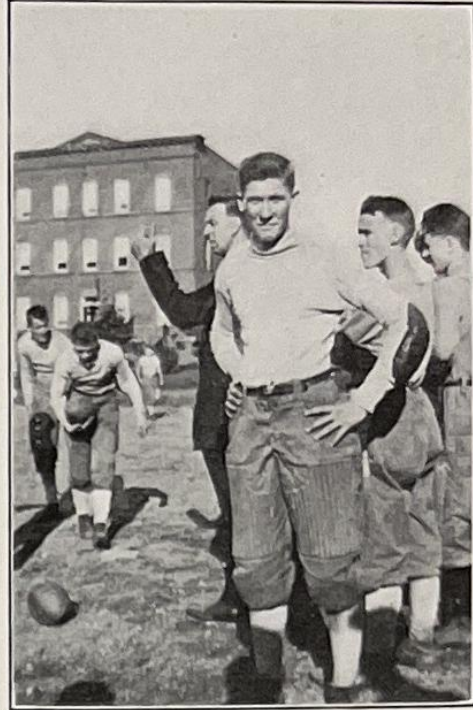
they roasted chestnuts and toasted marshmallows around the open fire.

On Wednesday, October 27, Pocahontas Camp Fire held a supper and council fire at Camp Desire. The boy guests enjoyed themselves very much by helping to cook the bacon and make the cocoa. At the council fire which was held in the tepee, poems were read relating to their trip to North Beach, and many honors were awarded. This was the first council meeting to be held in the tepee.

Mrs. Daniel Taylor has been appointed guardian of the Potomac Camp Fire. The girls are indeed fortunate and delighted to have Mrs. Taylor at their head.

Eastern has three more girls who have acquired the rank of Firemaker. They are: Madeline Hesse, of Camp Desire; Helen Loudenslager, of Ocela, and Helen White, of Pocahontas.

Potomac Group held a baby party at camp Saturday, November 6. Several small children were taken along and studied, so that the girls might win honors in baby-craft.



MANAGER JONSCHER

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Military

Two companies at last! Sweet music to the ears of all true Easternites. Yet, not two companies, either, for the ranks are by no means full. We need men! All of you able-bodied fellows who stay out for no good reason should be ashamed of yourselves and the school should and will be ashamed of you. Remember! Eastern needs you! Come out, and enlist as cadets, and help make our companies the best in the city and the pride of the school.

Eastern will have Companies F and G of the 1st Regiment this year. They will be in the second battalion of that regiment. The officers of Company F are as follows: Captain, W. E. Barkman; First Lieutenant, W. B. Douglass; Second Lieutenant, H. C. Graves; First Sergeant, W. A. Gallahan; other sergeants in order of rank, H. S. Gates, C. Cook, W. F. Mengert, and F. R. Speer; Corporals, R. L. Baldwin, J. H. McAuliffe, Leo Janezeck, Burch, L. Ledoux, C. F. Chisholm.

The officers of Company G are as follows: Captain, C. M. Boteler; First Lieutenant, E. R. Handy; Second Lieutenant, T. D. Gates; First Sergeant, E. G. Jonscher; other sergeants in order of rank, M. W. Summers, C. L. Simering, R. S. Childs, F. Stewart; Corporals, W. C. Himmler, S. W. Hardy, J. E. Burns, W. S. Small, Jr.

There isn't an officer in either company who is not fully acquainted with his duty or who will not execute that duty to the very best of his ability. Now, don't let the officers do all of the work. Officers alone never make a winning company. They must have the hearty co-operation of every man in the ranks; they must

have, during all drills, the undivided interest and attention of all their subordinates; and above all they must either have or win the respect and esteem of everyone, not only in their companies but in the whole school as well. Let's see if the cadets cannot furnish the co-operation and interest, and the officers will do more than their share.

But don't let the cadets do all the work. Let the school get behind the companies and support them as much as possible. Those boys who cannot or will not join should at least refrain from doing their best, or worst, to deter the progress of instruction. And then, the girls. You don't have anything to do after school, girls. Why can't you wait around school and watch the drills? If the cadets can afford to spend an hour and a half twice a week drilling, surely you can spend that much time watching them. You may not think it does any good to just stand around and look on. But it shows the men in the companies that someone cares whether they drill well or not and that someone is interested in their work. If you realized how much it counts, you would be sure to come out every day. Can't you take our word for it?

Now, come out, fellows! Let's have two 6-squad companies. Don't wait until February! Do it now! Remember! Eastern needs you! So come on, men! "It's up to you."

The High School Cadet Corps is divided into two regiments this year, each under the command of a lieutenant-colonel. The officers of the corps as announced are as follows: Colonel, J. H. Fellows (Tech), Commander-in-Chief; Lieutenant-Colonel, E. L. Maier (Eastern), commanding 1st Regiment. The other regimental officers have not yet been announced.

Rifle Notes

The Rifle Club has gotten a good start this year and the prospects for some good teams are very encouraging. The members are displaying a great amount of interest and, already, several excellent scores indicate a great improvement over last year. Rifle shooting is not generally appreciated, but affords much enjoyment for those who take an interest in it.

At the last meeting of the club in June, 1915, officers for this year were elected. The officers elected were as follows: President, W. E. Barkman; vice-president, W. A. Gallahan; secretary, B. Gore; treasurer, T. F. English; captain, W. E. Barkman. As Gore has since left school, a new election had to be held and F. R. Speer was elected secretary.

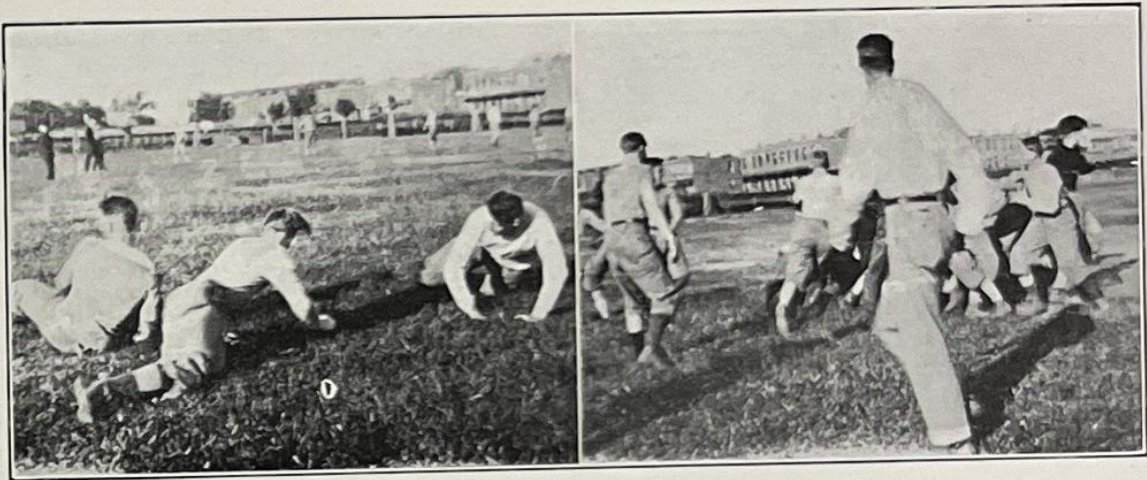
In former years Mr. Schwartz had always been unanimously elected president, but, as it is the custom in other schools to have a student president, he requested that the club refrain from re-nominating him. Much of the success of the club is due to the hard work and unfailing interest of Mr. Schwartz. We hope that the new president will be able to perform his duties half as well as Mr. Schwartz did.

The students should remember that the Rifle Club is just as much a school ac-

tivity as some other things and it needs their support even more. The rifle team's battle is a silent one as far as human effort is concerned. There are no cheering throngs on the rifle range to spur the team on to greater efforts. The only observers are the range officers and substitutes. This should be taken note of and remembered, and the members of the club should be shown, by the interest which the school will take in their work, that what they are doing is appreciated. Let's all root for the rifle teams and perhaps they will have something to show us this year.

My dad went to New York the other day and stopped at a 26-story hotel. They gave him a room on the twenty-fifth floor. When he decided to go to bed one night, he said to the clerk: "I'm going to my room now. If any one calls for me, tell them I am out of town."

A certain distinguished author decided to build an addition to his house. A lot of bricks and mortar had been left on a vacant lot not far away. The author decided to be economical and used this. A friend caught him taking it and asked him what he was doing. "Oh, I'm just gathering material for a new story," he replied.



WEATHER:

Increasingly warmer, in direct ratio to dances attended

VOL. 5, No. 1

NOVEMBER

The Scare Head

PUBLISHED SPASMODICALLY BY THE
SCARE HEAD PUBLISHING COMPANY

All anonymous contributions thankfully received

Class Room Turned into a Stable

Now, don't jump at conclusions and take it for granted that this stable contained horses of Roman origin. No, no, dear reader, your supposition is incorrect. Perhaps we should have been more accurate and have said a "cow shed." You are now completely mystified, of course. We will not keep you in suspense any longer, for we know how irritating it is.

You all know our friend, Dr. Leineweber, who, by the way, has been a great traveler and has had interesting experiences in connection with the present European war. Well, one day, this excellent instructor was conducting a class in his usual interesting manner, when the attention of the class was diverted by a loud bellowing from a far corner of the room.

After a hasty examination of everything in the room, including the inkwells, the singular actions of one of the pupils attracted the attention of the instructor. Suspecting that this bellowing animal, which seemed to be a calf, might in reality be a biped, not far off, he proceeded to question the members of the class, with the result that the offender was dismissed.



TAKEN BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER IN R

The eminent doctor was heard to comment upon the situation in the following way "I have taught in Russia, I have taught in Switzerland, and I have taught in France, but never in my experience as an instructor have I been called upon to educate a calf."

WANTED by the girl tennis players, a corps of small boys to chase balls.

WANTED by many pupils of Eastern High School, a desire to learn.

WANTED during lunch hour, a branch of the E. H. S. bank in Room 6.

WANTED by Mr. Leineweber, a French-speaking French class.

WANTED by the girls of Room 6, a noiseless method of communication.

WANTED—A few lives ones to sell our coffins. No dead ones need apply.

TENNIS A STRENUOUS GAME!

Watch the North Court for Excitement

One day last week, as the Scare-head Reporter was wearily wending his homeward way, he was startled by a great "racquet and balling" coming from the direction of the girls' tennis court.

Hastening to the scene of disaster, he witnessed a most heartrending sight. There, writhing in agony, was one of the fair players, who seemed to have been seriously disabled. Our reporter was hysterically greeted with cries of, "Help, assistance, succor!" Catching the limb of the nearest tree, he vaulted gracefully into the wired inclosure.

No sooner had his feet touched terra firma than he was seized upon by the fair players and rushed to the side of their injured comrade. After much excited questioning, he managed to extract the information



ROOM 13

that the young lady had been violently struck by a tennis ball while endeavoring to return the same. The said ball had not yet been recovered, and all concerned were greatly worried for fear that it had penetrated some vital part of her anatomy.

After a hurried examination of the premises, a new light came into the eye of our representative. He calmly walked up to the patient sufferer and deftly removed from her sweater pocket the *lost ball*.

Our Weekly Song Hit

To the tune of "My Little Girl"

Our Eastern dear, you see we're shouting,
And we long for you to win;
Our Eastern dear, please do some routing,
And thus increase the din.
We've seen you lose, with grief and sorrow,
Although you fought until you fell,
Now, Eastern dear, please turn the tables,
And just naturally raise Cain.

A GREAT GENIUS IN OUR MIDST!

An Unknown Celebrity in School

Are you illustrious members of Eastern High School aware of the fact that we have a genius in our midst? Not an ordinary genius like Thomas Edison, et cetera; but a celebrity, in other words, a poet. Don't tell us that you have never heard that our well-esteemed and highly honored Professor of Latin, Mr. Padgett, has been concealing his talent from you all these years. If this is the first you have heard of it, ask him to recite his masterpiece for you some time during class (be sure that it is during class). We know he'd be proud to perform for *any* of his classes.

Personal

* It is rumored that Bill Shields will write a book on bookkeeping. When approached by our reporter, Bill said that he succeeded in mastering the subject without studying or taking exams, and generously gave Mr. Catella all the credit.

A Ballad

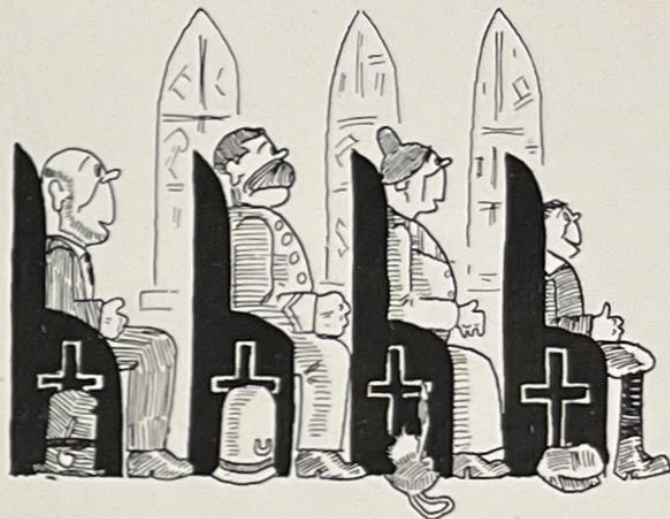
What paper is it in the town,
That makes the others all bow down?
THE EASTERNER.

And who is that with looks so good,
Who always does just as he should?
The Editor.

Who are the ones that get the cash,
That keeps the paper from going to smash?
The Managers.

Who are the ones who write and toil,
And even burn the midnight oil?
The Contributors.

Who is it gets the enjoyment and fun,
From the work that all these others have done?
The Subscribers.



THE EMERALD AISLE

For France

"Jeanne!" called the impatient voice of an old man. "Have you not yet gone? Hurry, girl, I tell you it is not safe to linger. I would have you back even now."

"*Oui, mon pere*, I go at once," answered his daughter, appearing in the doorway with her hood, which she slipped on as she ran down the garden and out the gate.

Had not old Monsieur Girard's words still been in her ears, Jeanne would have found plenty of cause to linger on her way that morning. Never had she seen the little village of St. Pierre in such a state. It had been queer enough, back in the first weeks of the war, to see the groups gathered in the road or before the tavern, talking excitedly; it had been queer enough to hear of battles and see some gay young wife come forth sadly in widow's dress—for St. Pierre had done its share in answering the call of France; Jeanne's two brothers had been among the first to go, and already one commanded a company. Yes, St. Pierre had looked strange enough with its young men gone, but never so odd as on this morning. Many of the houses were closed and deserted; everywhere were families with great loads of furniture hurrying toward the western road; here and there were folk rushing about frantically to find some vehicle, whatever the kind, to carry their possessions—all were fleeing from the invader, who threatened so close at hand.

Jeanne quickened her steps. Her aunt lived at the far end of the town, and might be leaving with the neighbors at any minute. She must be told not to go! But ere she reached the house, Jeanne met a sorry little cavalcade coming toward her. Her little cousins and various

household articles were packed together in the old wagon; her aunt was walking before, leading the one horse they had left.

"Oh, Aunt Marie," called Jeanne as she came nearer, "Father sent me to tell you not to go away. He says the Germans will more than likely hurry right through St. Pierre and on south."

"Does your father think I'll stay and see my house blown up under our very noses?" came indignantly from the aunt.

"*Mais non, Tante Marie*. Why should they shell St. Pierre when the whole region is theirs? There is no one here to resist, and it is foolish to leave a comfortable home for you know not what."

"Stay, then, an you choose, but I will go. If 'tis as you say, so much the better—we may return sooner. But we must be off now—stay, I forgot to lock the back shutter, and now those barbarians will steal my jar of *gateaux de sucre*! I will not have them in the house! Is there time to go back?"

"I will close the shutter, aunt," promised Jeanne, almost laughing, and seeing that her aunt was bent on leaving.

The girl walked slowly through her aunt's old garden, looking sadly at the deserted house. War was cruel and terrible. Even now one of her brothers might be lying wounded on the field; that last hollow boom of the cannon would cause misery in many homes. And why was it all? Her brothers had nothing to do with the quarrel for which they might have to give their lives. But France had called, and it was enough to know that France needed them.

"Oh, if I could but do something, too!" Jeanne murmured, and, she knew not why, save that the gentle ripple of the little stream which ran beside her path seemed in harmony with her thoughts, she started home through the woods—a pleasanter, though longer route. "Helas! Of what good can I be to France here?"

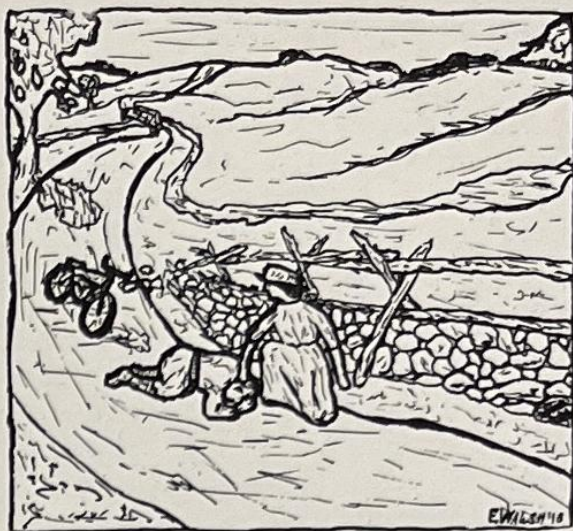
Jeanne stopped short in the midst of a sigh, and stood paralyzed with surprise.

Almost at her feet lay a soldier—she noticed the French uniform in spite of the thick coat of dust which covered it. How came he there? Had he been in the battle and crept away wounded? Oh, maybe he was dead—he did not stir! She crept closer to look in his face. How young he was—hardly more than a boy, and when his mother—

It must have been the sudden tears that fell on his face that made him open his eyes, stare uncertainly for a moment, and then whisper barely audibly, "Water."

Oh, dear little stream, had it been running all these years for this one purpose—to save a life for France?

Jeanne ran down to the edge only to remember that she had nothing in which to carry the water. She searched madly



in the grass for some stray can, but to no avail. Wouldn't her hands do? He *must* have some water! She made a cup, but by the time she reached the man's side, all the water had run through her fingers. Blindly she seized his cap and rushed back to the stream, and this time returned with the water, which so revived the soldier that he managed to sit up.

"*Je vous remercie.* It is most fortunate for me that you happened by. Now I shall be able to destroy my despatches before I am taken prisoner."

He was fumbling at one of his pockets when Jeanne stopped him.

"Destroy the despatches!" she cried.

"Rather than have the enemy find them on me."

"But why should they find you? Can't you hide somewhere?"

He shook his head ruefully. "They will look everywhere for me. They saw that I was a despatch bearer—a couple of German scouts on the road I least expected them—and they fired after me. Caught me in the leg, but I kept on a mile or so until I ran over a stone and fell. I left the motorcycle and limped as far as I could—hours, it seemed. Tried to get to the water, but must have fainted."

The young man leaned wearily against a tree after his long explanation, and once more reached in his pocket.

"*Mais non, monsieur,*" Jeanne pleaded. "We can hide you. There will be *some* way. Try to come with me. This path goes right through our orchard, and we pass no houses on the way. *Je vous prie, venez.*"

"But—I might not reach there, and the Germans would get the map, and—"

Jeanne stamped her foot impatiently. "Will you deny me the one thing I can do for France?" Monsieur pulled himself up at this. "I am strong; lean on me, and let us hurry." The distant rumbling of cannon had ceased as suddenly as it had begun; each moment the German troops were coming nearer.

At first the soldier endeavored to bear but lightly on the girl's shoulder, but at each step he grew weaker and unconsciously tightened his grasp until she felt that she must cry with pain. Yet it was impossible for him to use his wounded leg; she would keep on if he could—oh, could he!

"Just a few steps farther, monsieur. There is the house, just through the garden."

Before she finished speaking, monsieur's hand had slipped down and he sank to the ground.

"I—cannot," he whispered weakly. "Burn my—"

But Jeanne was flying to the house. "Father! One of our men—a despatch bearer—is in the garden wounded," she gasped hastily. "We must bring him in—quick!"

It was hard work, even with M. Girard's help, for the boy had fainted again, but somehow they dragged him into the house, where Jeanne hurried through the whole story for her father.

"And now, where to hide him?" she mused.

M. Girard shook his wise old head. "He cannot be hid; they will look everywhere. We will take him upstairs and hide his suit. Say he is my son, and sick."

Slowly, bravely, they bore their burden up the stairs. Even when he was laid across the bed in Jeanne's room, which was nearest the stairway, he did not come out of his swoon, and maybe, Jeanne told herself sadly—maybe he never would.

While M. Girard was finding hiding places for the dusty army clothes, Jeanne kept an anxious watch at the window.

"I have it!" she cried suddenly. "They'd wonder at a boy in a room with such pictures and ribbons, but a girl——"

Laughing a little hysterically she ran to a drawer and pulled out a long, thick braid. She was glad now that she had had her hair cut that summer she had the fever. With a dainty nightcap covering his hair and the thick braid on the coverlet, the boy looked his part perfectly.

A sharp rap at the door below made Jeanne start violently.

"*Mordieu!*" gasped monsieur, peeping through the window.

"*Ouvrez la porte,*" came in gruff tones.

"Go down," whispered the girl. "Tell them to come softly. My sister is ill. Remember—it is for France."

"For France," nodded the father.

When at last Jeanne heard the heavy steps upon the stair, her heart seemed to knock even louder. She glanced hastily at the pillow. What if he should wake, and be delirious?

The door opened and two tall German officers entered.

"Sh!" whispered Jeanne, nodding towards the bed. "She is asleep."

The officers were not to be balked by any tricks, but the braid and cap seemed to prove the father's words. The room had been darkened, and one of the men went to the window by the bed. Jeanne steadied herself against the bureau. When the light fell across the bed they would see—all would be lost. By some chance,

however, the shutter stuck, and the soldier turned and flung open the one across the room, while the other looked in the closets and under the bed.

Strangely enough, they gave little thought to the still figure on the pillow; they were in a hurry, and had other houses to search, and so it was not long before the door closed after them.

The rest of the day Jeanne remembered only indistinctly—her father boldly going for the old town doctor, she herself helping him when he bandaged up their soldier's wound, and all day long outside the constant tramp, tramp of the German troops. Suddenly everything seemed to slip into darkness, and long, long after, it seemed, Jeanne awakened to find her father standing near, and the early morning sun coming through the curtains.

"Our patient does well," monsieur smiled. "He has told us that he is Jules Denis, from Ardennes. Will you make the doctor a cup of coffee before he goes?"

From then on M. Denis lacked no comfort which Jeanne could bestow, and the result was that he rapidly got stronger. In those days the Germans and French were both trying to get a strong footing somewhere, and so it was not surprising when the French forces came back over the same ground and passed near St. Pierre.

Jules insisted that he was now perfectly able to rejoin his regiment. It was down in the little garden that he found Jeanne.

"I do not know how to thank you," he said simply, as he took her hand. "But when the war is over I will come back—and then?" his dark eyes were full of meaning.

The girl watched him go sturdily down the road with a mist in her eyes. He was going out to fight, very likely she would never see him again.

But as she turned back toward the peaceful old cottage her face brightened.

"He will come back," she mused happily.

ROSEMARY ARNOLD, '17.

Alumni

The following graduates are continuing their education at the Normal School: Margaret Appold, Marion Ashby, Ruth Bell, Margaret Beveridge, Frances Blatt, Ruth Dick, Vietta Droney, Dorothy Dryer, Adelaide Dwyer, Mary Estep, Marjorie Haines, Evelyn Hicks, Hazel Hughes, Louella Jacobs, Elsie Klinehanse, Elsie Ledoux, Pauline Lohman, Esther Mack, May Mann, Thersa Matthews, Marie Walcott, and Annie Thorne.

Elizabeth Baldwin is studying music.

Virginia Farnsworth is attending Goucher College.

Marian Hummer has entered the freshman class at the Randolph-Macon College.

Dorothy McCauley is studying music at the Peabody Institute of Music.

Helen Miller is taking a course at the National School of Domestic Arts and Sciences.

Helen Rankin has entered Butler College.

Helen Rauchenstein is attending the Drexel Institute.

Mildred Sweeney is continuing her education at Oberlin College.

Mary Siggers is attending the University of Michigan.

Katherine Taylor has entered Trinity College.

Lillie Ritenour is working at the National Museum.

Marian Tucker is attending Mt. Holyoke.

Edith King, Leora Wells, Annabel Riley and Emma Roetschie are staying at home.

Ida Hunter, Virginia Sargent and Mary McClelland are taking post-graduate courses here.

Anna Hagin, Marguerite Campbell, Iva Merritt, and Edna Shreve are attending Temple.

Genevieve Chapin, Marcella Cook, Flora Palmer, and Marie Harvey have secured positions as stenographers.

Eleanor Custis is studying art at the Corcoran Art Gallery.

Maude Douglas and Raymond Clark are attending Cornell.

Eleanor Earnshaw, Lasalia McCaffrey, Olive Taylor, George Ellis, Miner Ellis, Worden Dyer, Robert Taylor and Dutton Wainwright have entered George Washington.

Gilbert Clark and Edward Davidson are attending the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Harry Baldwin is working for the government in New Mexico.

Walter Graves is attending the Wharton School of Finance, University of Pennsylvania.

Charles Mansuy has entered the Maryland Agricultural School.

Norman Roddy and Elmer Schwab are attending the Catholic University.

Main Sandoe entered the freshman class at Dartmouth.

Ruth Ball and Theodore Chisholm are attending Johns Hopkins.

Howard America is working in the Postoffice Department.

We are very sorry to lose Mr. McCaffrey, our last year's clerk. We will miss him very much. Mr. McCaffrey has accepted a position in the Asheville School, North Carolina, as coach, which is distinctly a promotion for him. We wish him success. We welcome Mr. Deck, of the class of 1914, who is filling his place.

Mr. Frank Weaver, who graduated in 1909, called at the school not long ago with his bride. He was lieutenant-colonel and also fullback on the football team that year. Weaver, who graduated from the University of Michigan in 1913, was an instructor in engineering in the University of Oklahoma for a while. He is

now on the faculty of the Engineering School of Johns Hopkins.

Mr. Dieserud, of the class of 1914, received a note congratulating him on the high scholastic standing which he made at the University of Illinois last year. He was not only the highest man in the freshman class, but the highest man in the university for last year. His general average was 96.6.

Miss Florence Kubel and John Farnsworth, Ensign, U. S. N., were married October 19, 1915.

Miss Katherine Lappin, a graduate of 1913, and who graduated from the Normal School this year, was married to Mr. Hutchinson on July 17, 1915. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson are making their home in this city.

Mr. Leslie Secor and Miss Harriet Mansfield were married October 25, 1915. Mr. and Mrs. Secor are living in Petersburg, Va.

Miss Grace Knapp, of the class of 1912, and Charles Brown were married July 18, 1915.

Edward Davidson, who entered the Carnegie Institute of Technology this year, has written to Dr. Small stating that if he knew of anyone in the class of 1916 who wanted the opportunity of entering a real college where study came first to send him there.

We are very sorry to announce the death of Arthur B. Richardson, of the class of 1908.

The announcement of the marriage of Robert Whitney and Miss Hayden has been made.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 23, 1915.

TO THE EASTERNER:

We were exceedingly glad to hear that Eastern has two companies this year and that an Eastern man received the commission of lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. We wish to congratulate Maier, Boteler, and Barkman, and those who have striven to bring a new company to Eastern this year. Quality is always better than quantity, but when one has both, one may feel doubly sure of success. Although we are many miles away we often think of "Dear Old Eastern." Boys, make this year Eastern's banner year, and when you graduate, be sure to go to Carnegie Tech, the best engineering school in the country.

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD Y. DAVIDSON, JR., '15.
GILBERT C. CLARK, '15.
L. H. WATKINS, '14.
RIEHL ARNOLD, '14.
ALEX M. PRINGLE, '15.



This is the age of the trained man and the trained woman. That is the thing I want to write on your hearts. There was a time in this country when opportunities were so great, and when there was so much to be done, that any man or woman who had a good heart and a good character and a strong right arm might achieve a certain degree of success. I am not saying that this time has entirely passed. I hope that it will be long before it has entirely passed. But this I am saying to you, that if I were a young man or a young woman going

out into the world today, I would not dare to go out unless I had given myself every possible educational opportunity, unless I had made myself master of the thing that I wanted to do. I tell you today, that the tragedy of modern life is the tragedy of the half-educated man or woman; it is the tragedy of the man or woman who wants to do something and can do nothing well.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Watch for a continuation of the above thought in the next issue.

Dramatics

We are very unfortunate this year in having lost the chairman of our Dramatic Society. Miss McCollm devoted a great deal of time to the advancement of this activity and we deeply appreciate all that she has done for us. Our club has not been organized yet, as Dr. Small has not appointed a new chairman, but we hope to start operations very soon for a busy and successful year.

Dramatics will probably be emphasized this year on account of the Shakesperean festival which will occur next spring. As in former years, the greater part of the work will fall to the lot of the seniors, but the other classes will come in for their share as well.

The other high schools of the District have already organized for the year. The Dramatic Society at McKinley High School is given a charter by the general organization, the body which controls the activities of the school. Members of the faculty are appointed as advisers of the club. Plays are given once in five or six weeks for the benefit of the members of the society. Anyone who has ability can take part in the Spring Play whether a member or not.

Western expects to present a play once a month this year. This is a very fine showing considering that they have been at a very great disadvantage since the fire two years ago. In spite of this serious handicap they have managed to produce a Spring Play each year under

the direction of their Dramatic Society. The latter has faculty advisers and is conducted in much the same way as our own. The Business High School conducts its Dramatic Society in a manner quite in keeping with the character of the school. Last year short plays were given once a month under the direction of the faculty advisers. An admission fee of 5 cents was charged, which went toward the support of the club. Business has been a member of the Drama League since last year.

Central's Dramatic Society is under the direction of the members of the faculty and school officers. Their plays are not given at regular intervals but as often as is convenient. They have been affiliated with the Drama League for nearly two years. No plans have been made as yet for the presentation of a play this year, but arrangements will probably be made in the near future.

From all this we see that what the other schools are doing is not so very different from what we are doing ourselves. We are far behind them this year in getting together, but we shall probably get better results in not going at it too hastily. Let us all remember that our Dramatic Society is an activity of the school, just as much as athletics, military affairs, the bank, or any other school interest; and it is our pleasant duty to give it our loyal support, and do all in our power to make it a success.



A Toast to the Football Team

Here's to Eastern's football team,
The "boys from Capitol Hill,"
They may lack a little in avoirdupois,
But nothing in speed or skill.

Here's to Eastern's football team,
When things go wrong, the harder they work,
And never a man of that brave little squad,
Has been known his duty to shirk.

Here's to Eastern's football team,
Let's cheer them "seven times seven,"
For all cheers are well deserved
By each "back" on the football eleven.

Here's to Eastern's football team,
To the captain and to all.
Here's to a hope that they win every game
When they try again next fall.

—Helen Smith, '16.



In this, our first issue of *THE EASTERNER*, we shall devote this department entirely to the school papers of the other four high schools.

It is really surprising how little we know concerning the other high school papers of our own city of Washington, and we think that information relative to them will be of general interest.

The other papers are:

Tech Life, Technical High School.

Balance Sheet, Business High School.

Review, Central High School.

Western, Western High School.

The *Tech Life*, which is issued bi-weekly by the students of Technical High School, is in the form of a newspaper, and, like a newspaper, is sold by the single copy for 1 cent. The paper contains news of the various activities of the school, as well as notes of the happenings of importance in the other high schools. The business management of the *Tech Life* has inaugurated a new system of selling the paper, that is, sending out copies of the paper to the several high schools to be placed on sale there. We congratulate you, Tech, on your interesting paper.

The *Balance Sheet*, published in the interests of the Business High School, is a monthly. The subscription price is 50 cents, but it may be bought for 10 cents a copy. The *Balance Sheet* of last year is remembered for its excellent cartoons. Aside from the *Balance Sheet*, Business is putting out a bi-weekly paper, the *Ledger*. The newly-organized "Class in Journalism" comprises the staff of the new paper, but the business management is the same as that of the *Balance Sheet*. An interesting thing about the *Ledger*

is that it is printed at the Business High School by the pupils. We wish you the greatest success in your new venture, Business!

The *Western*, coming from our friends from "across the creek," is issued once a month. The present staff of the paper hoped to change it from a monthly to a bi-weekly, but this plan was not successful. The paper is 60 cents a year, although it may be bought for 10 cents a copy. Our best wishes, Western, for a successful year.

The *Review*, the school paper of the Central High School, is a monthly publication like the *Western*. A year's subscription to the paper may be had for 50 cents, but single copies are sold at 10 cents. One of the best features of the *Review* of last year was the interesting stories contributed by the pupils of the school. We congratulate you, Central, on your past success, and wish you well for the future.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges, although we haven't the space to comment upon them in this issue:

The Spectator, Johnstown, Pa.

Trinity Tripod, Hartford, Conn.

Gold and Blue, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Habit, Salina, Kansas.

Tattler, Ithaca, N. Y.

Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.

Comet, Milwaukee, Wis.

Pivot, Newark, N. J.

M. A. C. Weekly, College Park, Md.

Harvard University Gazette, Mass.

Mirror, West Hoboken, N. J.

Occident, Columbus, Ohio.

Sommerville High School Radiator, Boston, Mass.

Songs and Yells

You fellows! Learn these yells and songs and then let 'em rip!

1. Punch and Judy, Jack and Jill,
We're the boys from Capitol Hill,
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Eastern!
2. Chickada boom, chickada boom,
B-o-o-o-o———om!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Hah! Hah! Hah!
Eastern High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!
3. Hullabaloo, kanuck, kanuck,
Hullabaloo, caress!
Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
E. H. S.
4. E-a-s-t-e-r-n,
E-a-s-t-e-r-n,
E-a-s-t-e-r-n,
Eastern! Eastern! Eastern!
2. Loyalty shall be our watchword,
Faithfulness our key;
We'll uphold thy name and honor,
We'll remember thee.
3. How we've rooted at the ball games,
For the team; cheers
Filled the players with new courage—
Chased away their fears.
4. We who love our dear old Eastern
Can but heave a sigh,
When we look with longing backward,
For the days gone by.
5. Our strong band can ne'er be broken,
Bound by friendship's tie,
For, as boundless as the ocean,
Our love cannot die.

Loyalty

1. High school days will soon be ended,
Gliding swiftly by;
Eastern, dear, shall be defended
By our loyalty.

Refrain—

We will ever sing together
Songs of loyalty,
To our well beloved Eastern,
Eastern, dear, to thee.

Chorus—

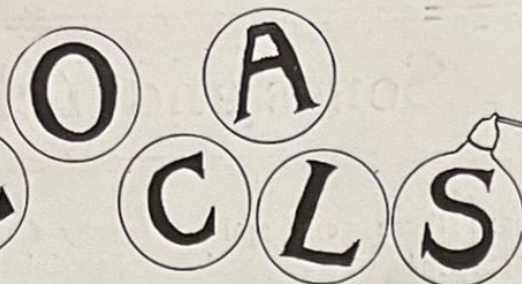
Oh, we'll whoop it up for Eastern,
The home of all our joys;
There never was a happier, a jollier set of
boys.
We'll whoop it up for Eastern, we'll make
a joyous noise.
Rah! Rah! Rah! Eastern!

As the Backs Go Tearing By

As the backs go tearing by,
On the way to do or die;
Many sighs, many tears,
Mingle with the happy cheers,
As the backs go tearing by.
Making gain on steady gain,
Echo swells the sweet refrain,
Eastern's going to win today,
Eastern's sure to win today,
As the backs go tearing by.

Sky Rocket

Sis—s—s—s—boom!
Ah—h—h—h Whistle
Eastern. Team! Team! Team!



His First

Hostess: "Mr. Frosh, will you take this lady out to dinner?"

Frosh: "Oh, I thought we were going to have dinner here in the house."

"What got into Harold's head to grow a mustache?"

"Hair, I guess."

Foolish Question No. 1,299,384

Somber Senior: "Who writes 'Editorials?'"

Question: "What is the best thing that Sidney wrote?"

Answer: "An 'Apology for Poetry.'"

Dr. Rothermel: "How can a boy lie flat on a horizontal bar?"

Miss Pitcher: "Why—er—he would have to find his center of gravity and then lie on it."

Miss Van Doren: "Is your name Peter or Paul?"

Steltz: "Peter."

Miss Van Doren: "I knew you were one of the saints."

Class faints.

Miss Bucknam: "Who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death?'"

Bright Scholar: "Why—er—Harry Thaw."

Miss Gardner: "Give some of the characteristics of Burns."

McGlasson: "Burns wrote flighty songs."

(This one was marked "Joke." Don't blame us.)

Mrs. Byram: "Does anyone know what 'ken' means?"

Pupil: "No."

Mrs. Byram: "Yes; 'know.'"

Heard in History Class: "If Plymouth hadn't been an orderly colony, England would have come over and broken them up."

Quite a journey for the "Old Country," we think.

We think the "Height of the Ridiculous" is when Mr. Wallis tells Shreve to stand up so that he may see him.

"Where did you get your Burke, Mary?"

Miss Simmons: "Oh, I bought it from Charlie Chaplin—I mean Genevieve Chaplin. Can you beat that? Charlie Chaplin digging on Burke's 'Speech on Conciliation with America!'"

Mr. Wattawa: "How do you pronounce r-i-s-e, as a noun? Yes, like rice. How do you pronounce been? Yes, like bin or bean."

Miss Simmons: "If we keep on, we'll have a whole vegetable dinner."

New French History: "The horse ran down the street in a 'Reign of Terror.'"

Miss Bucknam to American History class: "The idea of fourth-year seniors coming to class without preparing their lessons!"

Miss Birtwell assigning special topics: "Mr. Hunt, you may read 'The Confessions of an Opium Eater.'"

Heard in lunch room—Mr. Schwartz:
 "Mrs. Maloney, I'll eat the next hour."
 We sincerely hope it was digestible.

Knick: "Does Mr. Stout do the modern dances?"

Knack: "No, he's too much of a tub to be a good dipper."

"There are thousands of people," declared the orator, "who are killed every year in railroad accidents."

Voice from rear: "How dreadful to be killed every year."

Teacher: "Walsh, you may define the first person."

Walsh: "Adam."

Fresh: "I thought you took Algebra last year."

Soph: "I did, but the faculty encored me."

When you write your merry jest—cut it short,

It is too long at its best—cut it short,
 The editor doesn't like to swear,
 Treat your poem just like your hair—
 cut it short.

Don't forget to drop that local in the box.

The Star (after a violent fox trot):
 "You didn't know I danced, did you?"

The Girl: "Why, no,; do you?"

Elevator boy: "I asked my boss for a raise today."

Friend: "What did he say?"

E. B.: "Told me to get in and pull the lever."

Pat: "Casey, how do yez tell the age of a chicken?"

Casey: "Shure, by the teeth."

Pat: "But a chicken has no teeth."

Casey: "No, begorra, but Oi have."

A Sunday School teacher had been telling her class of little boys about the crowns of glory and heavenly rewards for good people.

"Now tell me," she said, "who will get the biggest crown?"

Johnny: "Him wot's got t' biggest head, o' course."

Miss Bassett: "Did you study your lesson last night?"

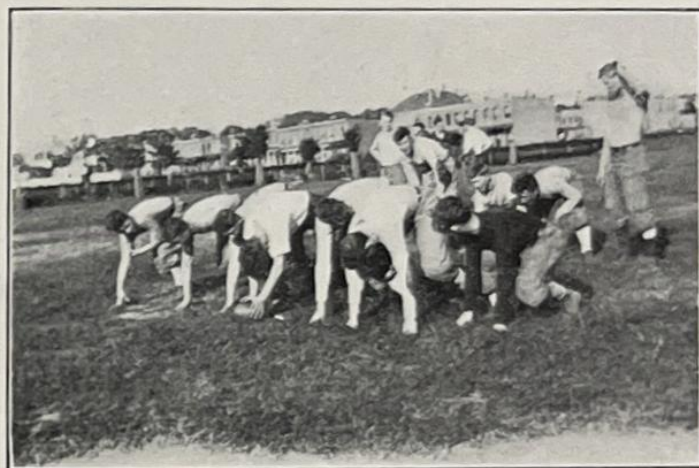
Miss Barr: "No; I preferred to lessen my study."

"Non paratum sum," he said,
 Rising with a troubled look.
 "Sic est semper," dixit Prof.,
 Scripsit nihil in his book.

Did you read the editorials?

Mr. Wallis: "If you fellows get quiet we may close on time."

Boteler: "He's in the same boat with me—clothes on time."

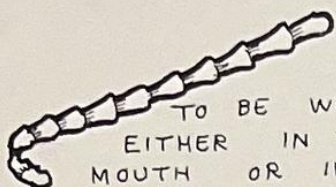


THE FIRST DAY'S LINE-UP

LITTLE ROLLO TWIDDLE TOES

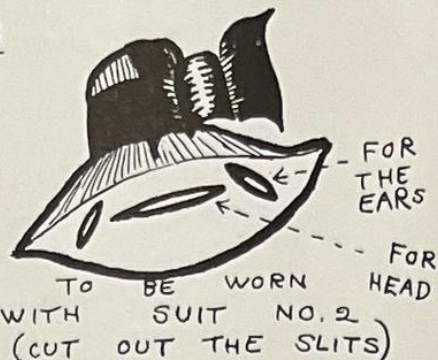
CUNNING CUT-OUTS FOR THOSE LONG RAINY DAYS!

BY MRS. SWISHEN GUSH

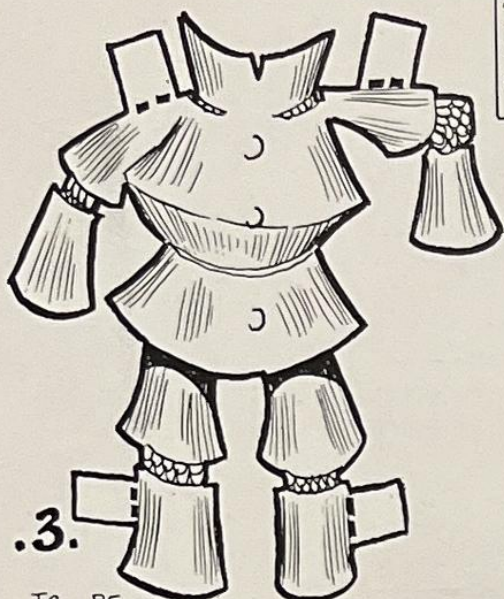


TO BE WORN
EITHER IN THE
MOUTH OR IN
THE HAND.

OWING TO THE PLEASURE
OUR "LITTLE ROLLO"
SERIES OF LAST YEAR
GAVE OUR YOUNG READERS
WE HAVE PERSUADED
MRS. GUSH TO GIVE
US ANOTHER GLIMPSE
AT THIS CUTE LITTLE
CREATURE. THIS FORMS
AN INNOCENT AND
ATTRACTIVE DIVERSION
FOR THE STUDENT WHO
HAS AN AFTERNOON TO
WHILE AWAY



FOR THE EARS
FOR HEAD
TO BE WORN
WITH SUIT NO. 2
(CUT OUT THE SLITS)



.3.

TO BE WORN
WHEN
CUTTING MEAT OR
PLAYING MUMBLE'DY
PEG.

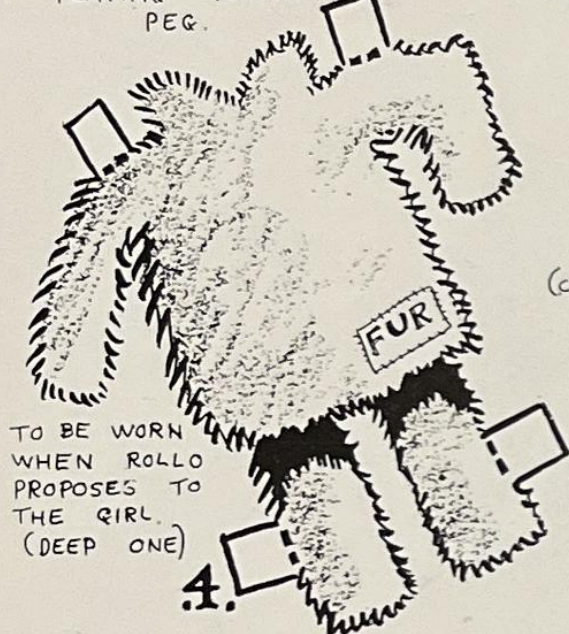


Rollo



.1.

TO BE WORN
WHEN EATING
SOUP.



TO BE WORN
WHEN ROLLO
PROPOSES TO
THE GIRL
(DEEP ONE)

.4.

(CUT OUT ON
THE SLIT)



TO BE WORN
WITH SUIT NO.
4 (ON THE
BUMP ON HIS HEAD)

.2.



TO BE WORN
WHEN
WASHING ONE'S
HANDS OR
BRUSHING THE
TEETH

DIRECTIONS — USE STRONG HEAVY KEENE KUTTER SHEARS.
CUT OUT ALONG THE HEAVY LINES:
FOLD ALONG THE DOTTED LINES.

Business 7, Eastern 0

Although Eastern lost to Business, 7-0, the game was from all view points the best of the year. Business outweighed Eastern 10 pounds to the man, and had the more experienced team and better plays, yet was pushed to the limit to win. The breaking up of Business' off tackle plays by Eastern's tackles and ends was the surprise of the game. Lanahan, Steltz, Sherfy and Sweeney played well for Eastern, while Wise and Dowrick showed up best for Business.

Business scored its lone touch-down on a well executed triple pass, followed by two line smashing plays. This was the only time Business got away with the triple pass in the game, the runner being stopped in his tracks every succeeding time.

Eastern	Positions	Business
German	L. E.	Dowrick
Steltz	L. T.	McDonald
Knapp	L. G.	Nau
Graves	C.	Wassaman
Maier	R. G.	Milloff
Flaherty	R. T.	Roblus
Cummings	R. E.	R. Wise
Newman	Q. B.	Culligan (Capt.)
Sherfy	L. H. B.	W. Wise
Sweeney	R. H. B.	Ready
Lanahan	F. B.	Keech

Summary: Touchdown, Ready. Goal from touchdown, Culligan. Goal from field, missed, Flaherty. Time of Quarters, 10 minutes. Referee, Mr. McGoffin, Michigan. Umpire, Mr. O'Reilly, Georgetown. Head Linesman, Mr. McGuire, Harvard.

Jokes

A Vacancy

"If I stand upon my head," said the teacher, "the blood will run into my head, will it not?"

The boys replied: "Yes, sir."

"Then," said teacher, "why does not the blood run into my feet when I stand upon my feet?"

"Please, sir, it is because yer feet ain't empty."

"Why did you retreat?" demanded the general who was directing the sham battle. "You had the other side outnumbered and technically defeated." "I know, general, but a nest of hornets got into the game."

At the Game

He, pointing at the diamond: "That's Green over there. In a few weeks he'll be our best man."

She: "Oh, Charlie, this is so sudden."

Where It Hit

Judge: "Where did the automobile hit you?"

Rastus: "Well, if I'd been carr'in' a license numbah, it would have been busted to a thousand pieces."

Sister (aged 7), after having a tooth pulled, was saying her prayers, "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."

A Sad Companion

Sad, sad words

The lips can pass,

As "Pen and paper

Bring to class."

Yet sadder words

Tongues can recite,

Such as, indeed,

"The class may write."

But the saddest words

That one can hear,

"I'm sorry to say

You failed, my dear."

He: "Were I a knight of old, I would battle for your fair hand."

She: "Good night."

Two Irishmen were being drilled in marching tactics. One was new to the business and his companion explained orders to him. "Now," he said, "when he says, 'Halt,' you bring the foot that's on the ground to the side of the foot that's in the air and remain motionless."

Pupil, translating Virgil: "There are to me twice seven nymphs of passing beauty."

We don't doubt that it was "passing."

"It would please me mightily, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugler, "to have you go to the theater with me this evening."

"Have you secured the seats?" asked Miss Stout.

"Oh, come now," he protested, "you're not so heavy as all that."

"Do you mean to say that the burglar stole a gold clock, while the dog was in the very room?"

"Yes, but you see Fido is only a watch dog, the poor dear."

Her Mistake

The small girl walked thoughtfully into the house from the vegetable garden.

"Mother," said she, "have green gooseberries legs?"

Mother laughed, "Of course they haven't, darling. What made you think so?" The child looked more solemn than ever as she replied: "Well, then, I've been eating caterpillars."

Mollie: "How do you recognize a gentleman in a crowded car?"

Dollie: "By his general get-up."

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Visitor (gazing into den of reptiles):
"Gee, but them snakes must multiply rapidly."

Megaphone man: "Yes, sir; they are adders. This way, gentlemen."

Fair one: "Why doesn't the band play during the game?"

Unfair one: "The strain would be too great for the players."



He: "Could you learn to love me?"

She: "I learned to speak Chinese."

Summers: "What's in here?"

English: "Remains to be seen," as he led the way into the morgue.

The Quarrel of Dick and Dolly

1. Dick and Dolly were high school friends,
Since tots they'd played together.
They were seen at the dance and football games
In the cold and crispy weather.
2. But one day Dolly grew angry with Dick.
'Twas the first quarrel they'd had as yet,
And the cause of it was, as everyone knew,
Dick's refusal to be a cadet.
3. For one week Dolly walked home alone,
Filled with grief and despair;
But one bright day, as she reached her gate,
She found Dick waiting there.
4. "I've enlisted, Dolly," he told her then,
"I'm a cadet, loyal and true."
"Oh, no! Don't thank me at all," he said,
"For the praise belongs to you."
5. Dick and Dolly became friends again,
More staunch, perhaps, than ever,
While all the cadets and the captain, too,
Praised Dolly for being so clever.

—O. Ritenour, '18.

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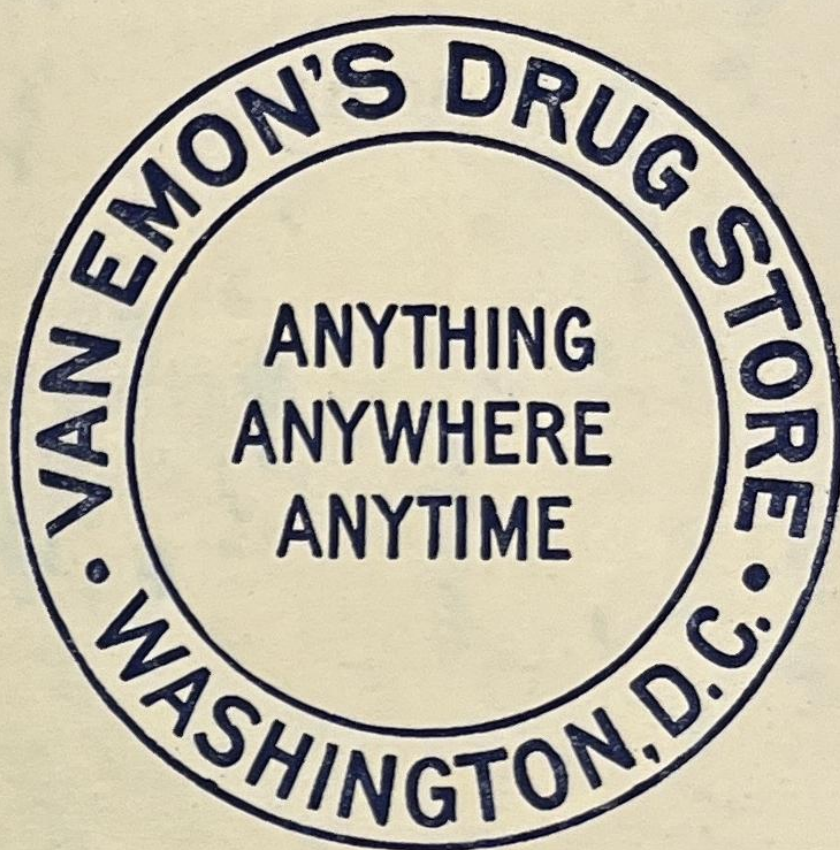
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Vol XIX

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 20, 1915

No. 2

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Editorials

General Organization

Why not a general organization at Eastern? Tech and Business both have this system of self-government, and we believe that it would prove a success here. As a result of the general organization at Tech and Business, school activities are prospering more than ever. School activities at Eastern need a boost, and a big one, right now. We believe that student self-government would effect this change.

The Alumni

We have heard very many complaints from the alumni, who are interested in the school, concerning foot ball and base ball tickets. A good many alumni who wished to follow up Eastern's games endeavored to purchase season tickets, but were unable to do so. This is a condition which should be remedied at once. If we expect to hold the interest of the Alumni Association in Eastern we must show the members of the Alumni Association that we are interested in them. Why not season tickets for the alumni?

Basket Ball

Once again basket ball occupies the center of the athletic stage, and this year promises much. The games are to be played at the Arcade, one every Tuesday and two every Friday, commencing December 17. For admission a fee of five cents will be charged, and dancing will follow each game at no additional charge. The league consists of the following teams: Western, Business, Central, Army-Navy Preps, St. Albans, and Eastern. Tech will be a member of the league next year, and the sport will then probably be a major one.

Eastern will have an inexperienced five this year. Fifteen to twenty fellows have been practicing every day, however, and if work counts for anything the team should be successful. Here's hoping for a good season!

Take a Chance

You will see by this issue that we have progressed somewhat since our last appearance. That's what we're going to keep on doing. But we want some more stories—good ones—and some more jokes. If your story or bit of news or joke is good, it will no doubt be accepted. Take a chance, and hand in a few of them.

Greetings, Alumni!

Once again do we find ourselves shaking hands and renewing acquaintance with the alumni. And we are mighty glad to do it, too. Eastern's reputation has been made by these same men and women of past classes, and we always like to be among the first to greet them when they pay us a visit. Let's give them a royal welcome this Christmas!

Merry Christmas!

We don't know how you feel about it, but we have a queer feeling every time we think of Christmas. Maybe it's due to the thought of ten long days with nothing to grind on, but we are inclined to think that it's just the time of the year, the exuberance of spirits—in short, just Christmas. Figuring it this way, we intend to have a very merry Christmas, and we sincerely hope that you will have a merrier one, and a happier New Year, too.

The season's greetings to you all!

School News

We were called to the Assembly Hall on the morning of November 8, and were entertained by a talk by Mr. Francis Van Schaick, who told us, in a modest way, of his experiences while abroad as a member of the Poland Relief Commission. His address was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

Mr. Houseman talked to us on November 12 on the subject of Boy Scouts. He told us of the different requirements necessary for a boy to become a first-class scout, and also spoke of the good work the scouts are doing. He urged the boys to join, especially now, for they are carrying on an enlistment campaign in this city at the present time.

A second EASTERNER rally was held in the Assembly Hall on November 15. Editor-in-Chief Boteler thanked the students for the support they had given him, and the rest of the EASTERNER staff, and urged them to keep up the good work. Assistant Manager English also talked to us from the business point of view, and asked all the students who had not subscribed to do so, and urged everyone to try to get as many outside subscriptions as possible.

It would generally be appreciated by the whole school if the drill hall could be opened at noon at least twice a week during the cold weather in order that we may keep warm by dancing.

On the evening of December 3 a dance was given in the drill hall by the officers of Companies F and G. The dance was a great success and everyone had a good time.

Mr. Cogswell would like very much to see all of the students who promised him that they would lend their talents and a little of their time each week to-

ward forming a school orchestra, come up to the rehearsals. The students generally would appreciate a school orchestra. Everyone who can play any instrument should report at the rehearsal and do his best.

The bank is now open for regular business, after having been closed some time for repairs, and the officers are ready and waiting to receive deposits and to make withdrawals. It is up to the school to see that they have all the business they can take care of.

On the 6th of December we were called to the Assembly Hall to practice several songs for our Christmas celebration.

The boys of Companies F and G have the girls of the Philologian Society to thank for the feed and dance which was given them after drill on December 6. This, besides making the boys who are in the companies work harder, will open the eyes of those who did not enlist to the fact that they are missing a good time. The boys wish to thank the girls, and also Miss Johnson, who had charge, for this good time.

On the morning of December 3, Miss Martin, Dean of the Women's College of Cornell University, spoke to the seniors and juniors about Cornell. Her talk, which was illustrated, was enjoyed very much by all who heard it.

THE EASTERNER acknowledges the following corrections to the honor list as published in the last issue:

Miss Elsie Pursglove, first graduating honors.

Miss Virginia Sargent, first honors in fourth year.

Miss Ethel Lucas, second honors in first year.

Camp-Fire Notes

A Halloween party was given by Ocela Camp-Fire at the home of Vivien Michael, in Chevy Chase. The girls enjoyed playing the usual games and pranks customary on such occasions, and were especially delighted with a mystic kettle, containing fortunes, which told the girls what to look for. They were permitted to search the house from cellar to garret.

Camp-Fire Desire spent the Friday after Thanksgiving at Camp Desire. At the ceremonial meeting held in the teepee, six new members were taken in. An assistant state forester from Vermont gave the fire talk.

An interesting exhibition of beautifully stencilled and wood-blocked articles was held at the home of Miss Bush-Brown on Tuesday, November 23. The purpose was to give the girls some ideas of the possibilities of decoration along those lines. Some of the Camp-Fires are thinking of studying stenciling and wood-blocking as a means of ornamentation for the ceremonial gowns.

Raymond Simpson, an alumnus of Eastern, and now a medical student, gave an interesting lesson on first aid to Camp-Fire Desire on Saturday, December 4.

Potomac Camp-Fire held a sale of cookies and sweets at school Friday, December 10.

Margaret Runbeck, of Ocela Camp-Fire, has acquired the rank of Fire-maker. She has also won a Shuta national honor for an Indian legend written in the meter of Hiawatha.

Philologist

On November 27 the Philologist Society held a very successful dance in the drill hall of the school. Many of the alumni were with us, and all present enjoyed the evening.

Members of the society are working on a debate, which will be given before the school some time in the near future.

Plans for a Christmas dance are being completed. A large attendance is expected, and all expect a good time.

Friendship Club

Quite a number of Eastern girls are enthusiastic members of the Eastern High School Friendship Club. This club, in connection with the clubs of the other high schools, form the Washington Council of Friendship Clubs, which is a branch of the Y. W. C. A.

Early in the fall the Eastern girls had the jolliest kind of a time at a Slumber Party at Vacation Lodge. They went out one Friday after school and spent the night in the country.

On November 12 they gave a freshman party to which all the freshmen were invited, and asked to join the club. A clever little stunt was given. Dancing and games were enjoyed.

At Christmas the girls expect to trim a tree and fill stockings for a family of little children.

On December 4 a Council meeting was held at the Y. W. C. A. rooms. Miss Buchler explained to the girls their duties as members. Several Eastern girls took part in the stunts that were given.

December 9 the president represented Eastern in the Y. W. C. A. pageant, celebrating the tenth anniversary of the organization.

November 18 the girls with their leader, Miss Birnie, hiked up the canal from Georgetown, made a fire, and spent a delightful day.



A Continuation from Last Issue

"If you had a million dollars to invest, you would be very careful about it; you would study methods of investment, and get expert counsel and advice from those familiar with such things, and try to invest your money so it would be safe and would repay you good dividends. Your life is worth more than a million dollars to you. You would not sell it for that, and you are investing it day by day and week by week. Are you studying the different methods of investment open to you, and taking counsel to help you decide just what investment you had better make in order to get the best returns upon your capital?" Parsons—Choosing a Vocation.

Read:

Starting in Life—Fowler.

How to get your pay raised—Fowler and others.

Captains of Industry; or, Men of Business who did Something besides Making Money—Parton.

Profitable Vocations for Boys—Weaver.

Men who have risen—Mabic.

How to become an engineer (civil engineer)—Plympton.

How to become a successful electrician—Sloane.

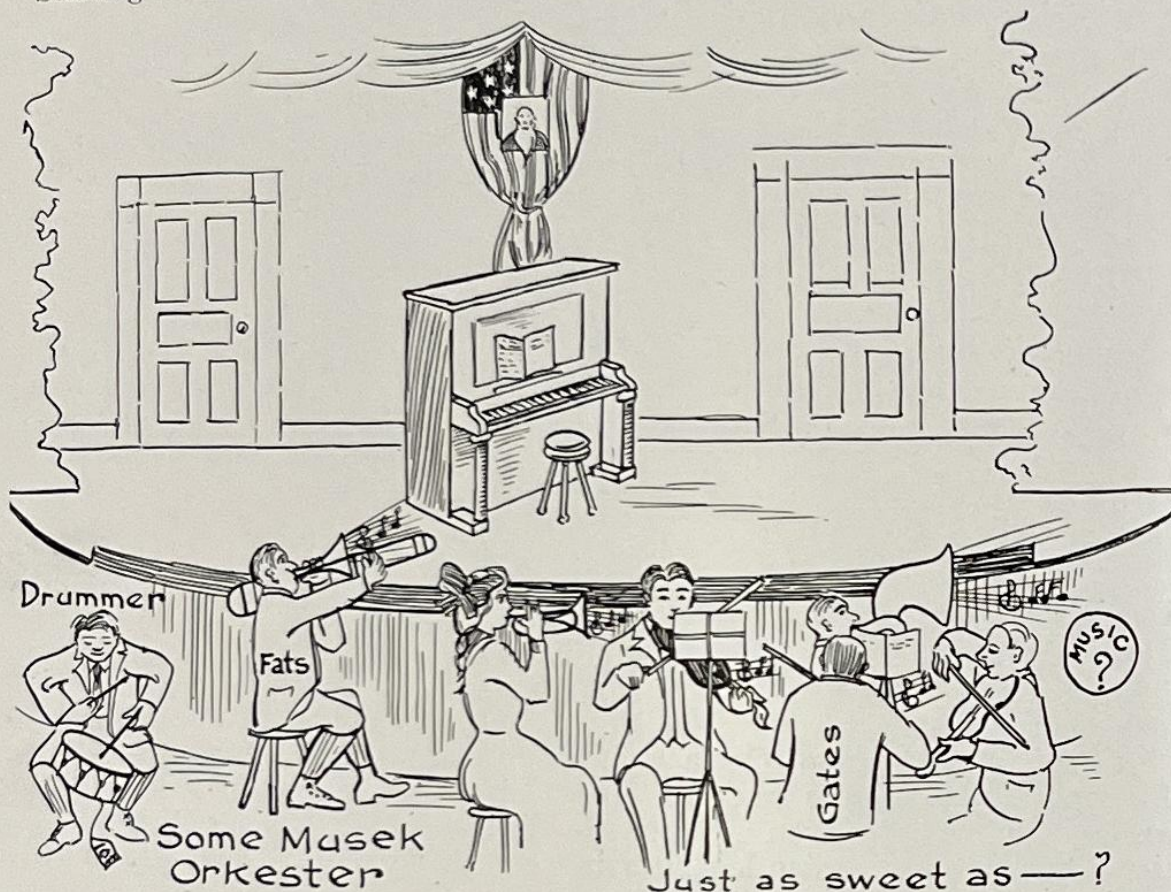
How women may earn a living—Candee.

Some Arts and Crafts—E. P. Dutton & Co.

Making of a Journalist—Ralph.

Abraham Lincoln—Brand Whittock.

The Training of a Forester—Pinchot.



"Frenchy Comes a-Huntin'"

Me an' Jim was out by the woodpile a choppin' kindlin' when we seen them comin', but me an' Jim not bein' particular entertainin' jest then we didn't bother 'bout 'em till I heard ma call "OOh, Henerie!" like she always does when there's comp'ny. An' seein' as "Henerie" means me, I run quick an' left the rest o' the logs fer Jim to split.

Well, Frenchy caught my eye, first thing. He caught Sis', too, I'll bet. Anyway, he's one o' these tall gawky fellers that calls themselves slender, you know, an' his hair was all slicked back tight like Sis fixes mine—when I let her. An' his hands! My stars! They was as soft 'n' pink! I'd 'a' like to 'a' seen him chop kindlin', I would, or hoe just one row o' taters. An' he shook hands like the Methodist minister, too. But, I could 'a' stood all of 'em if it hadn't been fer the Charlie Chaplin' mustache part; that sure did look like one of his eyebrows had slipped down apiece. But Sis! Gee! She liked the Charlie Chaplin part, 'n' the slicked hair 'n' all, I guess, 'cause when Uncle Mac introduced 'em to each other, he bent over Sis' hand so graceful and then he gave her such a look—oh, you know, one o' them long, wistful looks like's in the movies—anyway Sis', she blushes all pink up to the roots of her hair. My! I bet she was glad she crimped it that mornin'. I'm most mighty slow when it comes to figgerin' in school, but most any dummy could 'a' put two 'n' two together an' got four in the case of Sis 'n' Frenchy.

"Frenchy" wasn't his right name at all, but that's what me'n Jim calls him, 'cause we can't never 'member his

other name, an' if we could 'member it, we couldn't say it, anyway. So, what's the difference?

We all was mighty s'prised when Frenchy came 'cause we were just expectin' Uncle Mac and Mr. Barry for a sort o' huntin' party, you know, 'n' ma most had fits on account of Frenchy comin' so unexpected. See? But, Sis, she didn't have no fits; least-a-ways not the same kind as ma most had. She hurried 'round like sixty a-fixin' things up like girls is bound to do, a-stickin' some holly back o' pa's picture 'n' a piece o' mistletoe here'n there, not, of course, where anyone could stand under it.

I liked to died laughin' at the dinner table that first night. You see, Sis took a little bit of French last year over to Slippery Rock Normal 'n' she thought she'd try Frenchy 'n' see could he speil off his mother tongue. It was one o' them times when the ball o' conversation just naturally stops rollin', you know, 'n' Sis she says, "Pass a male burr, silly vu play." I don't guess that's the way Sis would 'a' spelled the stuff, but it sounded like Chinese or Hebrew to me. Well, sir, that sort o' got Frenchy started. Before, he'd been, oh, sort o' quiet, exceptin' the looks that he sent Sis crost the table, 'n' they said more'n most any words could 'a' said. Anyway he got wound up in French 'n' poor Sis only knew a wee little bit 'n' she couldn't keep up with him 'n' she just bit her lips 'n' got red again up to the roots o' her hair. 'N' all the time I was a-thinkin', "Serves you right, old smarty!" Only Sis got the best o' the bargain in the end, 'cause Frenchy 'n' her goes off to the parlor with some kind o' a French novel 'n' we don't hear nothin' from them for the rest o' the evening.

Well, next mornin' fore daylight we all set out with our guns 'n' hounds. Sis packed all the lunches 'n' I took

particular notice that the lunch with the biggest piece o' cake 'n' the most sandwiches 'n' the little bag I fudge somehow'r other got to Frenchy. Frenchy didn't miss the little side show either, 'cause Sis got a couple more movie actor looks before we all started up the hill for Arundel.

I carried my big new Winchester 'n' I had it all cleaned up 'n' polished so's Frenchy could 'a' used it for a lookin'-glass to slick back his pompador, if he'd a-wanted to. But Frenchy turns out real entertainin' on this here trip, an' 'fore long, he'd lagged back o' the rest 'n' me'n him had gotten real interested in each other.

'N' Frenchy says, he says, "Do you like to hunt, Henry?" 'N' he didn't call me Henerie, either, like Sis does when she boxes my ears for bein' in the cookie jar.

'N' I says, "I sure do! Better'n most anything but readin' them 'Adventures of Wanderin' Mike.' Man! I could just live forever curled up in front of the fire with a couple of them books, 'n' never stop fer nothin', not even when ma has buckwheat cakes fer breakfast." 'N' Frenchy he just laughed 'n' laughed 'n' he's got a dimple 'n' the purtiest white, even teeth, all o' which I bet Sis took down in the first mental photograph.

'N' then I says, "'N' Sis said she bet they was some old ten-cent novel kind o' stories, 'n' one night Sis got to readin' the first book 'n' I swan if she didn't read till Dad made her stop 'n' go to bed. But Sis says she admires the feller what thinks all them things out more'n she does Wanderin' Mike. 'Course when it comes to that, so do I, but Wanderin' Mike's so sort o' familiar that he just fits in like Pa 'n' Ma 'n' Sis 'n' Jim, you know. 'N' then I never seen this feller Tude Page 'n' most likely never will." 'N' all the time I was talkin' I was a-watchin' Frenchy out o' the corner o' my eye 'n' he seemed to be examinin' his gun most mighty hard except the time I said somepin' 'bout Sis 'n' then he sort o' sit up 'n' took notice, so to speak.

"Well, Henry," says Frenchy, "this Tude Page isn't much for looks; I've seen him lots and lots of times. He's a poor sort of a chap, too. Most disgustingly conceited, you know. He needs it taken out. He might pass then." 'N' Frenchy begins walkin' quicker to ketch up with Pa'n the rest, not sayin' much after that, 'n' I thought he looked kinda blue. I was real disappointed when I heard about this Tude Page, 'cause I like him like most kids like Warren Kerrigan or Alexander. Sort o' hero worship, you know.

By noon, we'd caught about sixteen rabbit's 'n' seven or eight partridges. Frenchy wasn't any good at shootin'. He didn't hit a doggone thing! I kinda knew it. Those little baby fingers o' his didn't have the strength to pull the trigger, I'll bet. An' then he was always seein' what time it was 'n' calculatin' it was 'bout time to go back. I wonder if Sis watched the clock, too. Bet she did! By 'n' by Frenchy says, "Well, fellows, if we're goin' coon huntin' tonight, let's get back to the house 'n' rest up a-while." I wanted to ask him why he was so powerful anxious to get back home, only I thought I'd better not. Anyway, he got them all coaxed 'round 'n' we started back, me carryin' the two rabbits 'n' one bird that I got 'n' feelin' big as Mike. Not Wanderin' Mike. Just Mike. I could see already that Frenchy didn't care beans about huntin' rabbits, but I wasn't losin' any sleep 'bout his not havin' a good time while he was at Springfield. I 'lowed Sis would see to that. 'N' she did, too. Ma always did say as how the way to a man's heart was through his stomach. If there's anything in that, Sis sure was makin' a home run for Frenchy's heart, for she had one grand chicken supper that night. The chicken was made a' la Maryland, but that name was just raked up from somewhere in honor of Frenchy, most likely from that there French novel that they got so int'rested in t' other night. Anyway, the chicken tasted the same

old way. Well, Frenchy got the piece with wish-bone and I was nigh bustin' to pull it, 'cause I wanted to wish fer a Flexible Flyer fer Christmas, 'n' so when Frenchy holds it up in his soft white hands 'n' asks, "Who wants to wish. Who wants to pull the lucky bone with me?" I pipes up, "I do! I do!" But Sis she gave me a meaning kick under the table 'n' then of course I just naturally shut up. Well, I guess Frenchy wanted Sis to wish with him 'bout as bad as Sis wanted to wish, for he held it across to Sis 'n' they both shut their lips real tight 'n' Frenchy looked at Sis, 'n' Sis looked at Frenchy 'n' they wished powerful hard. 'N' I bet I could guess what they wished, too. Sis is forever sayin' that little pitchers have big ears, but she most always forgets to figure on little potatoes havin' big eyes.

The moon was a great, gold, full one that night 'n' everything was beautiful 'n' soft 'n' yellow. Frenchy was bound Sis was comin' along, but Sis wasn't no suffragette 'n' didn't believe in goin' huntin'. She thought that was one of man's pleasures. We made Frenchy come along anyway. This time we went up in Ole Man Shooster's woods, where the game was thick this season. The moon beams made all kinds of funny pictures on the ground 'n' fer all it was mighty purty, it was kind o' skeery, too.

We'd been up in Shooster's woods 'bout an hour, I reckon, 'cause the moon was real high in the sky, when Frenchy wandered away from the bunch of us. But seein' as how Frenchy's a grown man of about twenty-six or twenty-seven, we guessed he could take care of himself all right. 'N' it was such fun a-chasin' those little beady-eyed, furry raccoons that we almost forgot about Frenchy 'till we heard a gun fired 'n' then an awful yell that came through the moonlit woods like an electric shot.

I was the one that found him. I couldn't see no bullet holes, but Frenchy was layin' white 'n' still up against a big pine. I tell you, I was

scared stiff, I was. I forgot all about the Charlie Chaplin mustache 'n' the soft, white hands that couldn't hoe potatoes or chop kindlin'. All I could think of was the handsome picture he made in his hunting suit, so tall 'n'



"Frenchy was layin' white 'n' still up against a big pine"

strong-like, 'n' it made a big lump stick in my throat to see him layin' there so still and helpless against the glistening snow.

Pa 'n' Uncle Mac got him home between them 'n' Sis fixed him up. (You see, after Sis finished High School she started to take a nurse's course 'n' changed her mind.) Anyway, Doc Truitt came 'round to see Frenchy, 'n' although he couldn't find much the matter with him, he said he'd best rest a couple o' weeks, 'cause his constitution was overworked, or somethin' like that. Frenchy didn't mind a bit. He just looked at Sis 'n' sighed 'n' says, "How perfectly unfortunate for you, Miss Greer. I shall probably be bothering you until Christmas." I didn't hear Sis' answer, but I never was quite about that sigh o' Frenchy's bein' one o' sorrow.

Well, of course, Sis played nurse. 'N' soon Christmas times comes around 'n' while Frenchy's nerves 'n' constitution's quite almost recovered, he doesn't feel strong enough to go home as far as New York. So he stayed. 'N' while he was recuperatin' Sis read books to him that she got at the Carnegie Library, but, one day, when I brought Frenchy some mail, what do you s'pose they was a-readin'?

Why, that cheap trash, "Adventures of Wanderin' Mike." 'N' they was laughin' 'n' laughin'. Tell you what, Frenchy was havin' an easy time of it 'n' it didn't 'pear to me like there was much the matter with his nerves or constitution either.

It was Christmas Eve, 'n' Sis had packed a Christmas basket for the old Misses Lloyd who lived 'bout a mile down th' pike. I wanted to go with her, 'cause I had a mighty 'portant message for Bud Seitz, but Sis was goin' to drive over in the sleigh 'n' "Frenchy was to have the honor this time, Henry, dear." She needn't have "Henry dearest" me, 'cause I don't stand no snubbin' like that, I don't. Real quiet 'n' stealthy, I tied my old coaster to the sleigh 'n' when they started off there I was gettin' a gay old joy ride all by myself. Nothin' particular interestin' goin' over. But comin' back, they began so fast I couldn't keep up.

I was almost fallin' asleep when I heard Frenchy say real soft, "Margaret, I've got a Christmas present for everyone except the little mater." He said "Margaret" beautifully 'n' I began to think what a shame it was that Ma had let us all call Sis "May." 'N' Frenchy continues, "She'd love to have a daughter more than anything that money could buy. I've been down here three weeks now, and I came to hunt. I haven't shot a single thing, but my time has been spent for a far greater purpose, if—" I could tell by his voice that he was lookin' movie looks all the time now, 'n' I was enjoyin' it mighty much. It was most as good as a regular movie. But then I thought Sis might be mad if she knew. I was goin' to let them know I was there but Frenchy starts again. "I've got a confession to make first, Margaret. I never was hurt the night of the coon hunt. I did it because of you. It was all a fake!"



"I tied my old coaster to the sleigh"

I couldn't help interruptin' then. I jumped up 'n' says, "That's all right, Frenchy. You're a fake, anyway. But you can have Sis if you don't forget that she isn't all your game. She wasn't shot by your bullets. It was Cupid's little arrows that done the job. You couldn't hit the side of a barn."

Frenchy 'n' Sis didn't mind my bein' there a bit. That is, at first. After a while he says, "Say, Henry, you just forget about this and I'll make up a whole car-load of 'Wanderin' Mike Adventures' for your Christmas present!"

"You see, Henry, dear, this is our wonderful Tude Page," says Sis, sort o' sly 'n' yet just as proud as she could be.

I was dumbfounded. It almost made my heart stop beatin'. 'N' all I could say was, "Well, I'll be jiggered!"

As Old Ben trotted into the lane I heard Frenchy say, "Margaret, do you remember the wish we made three weeks ago today?"

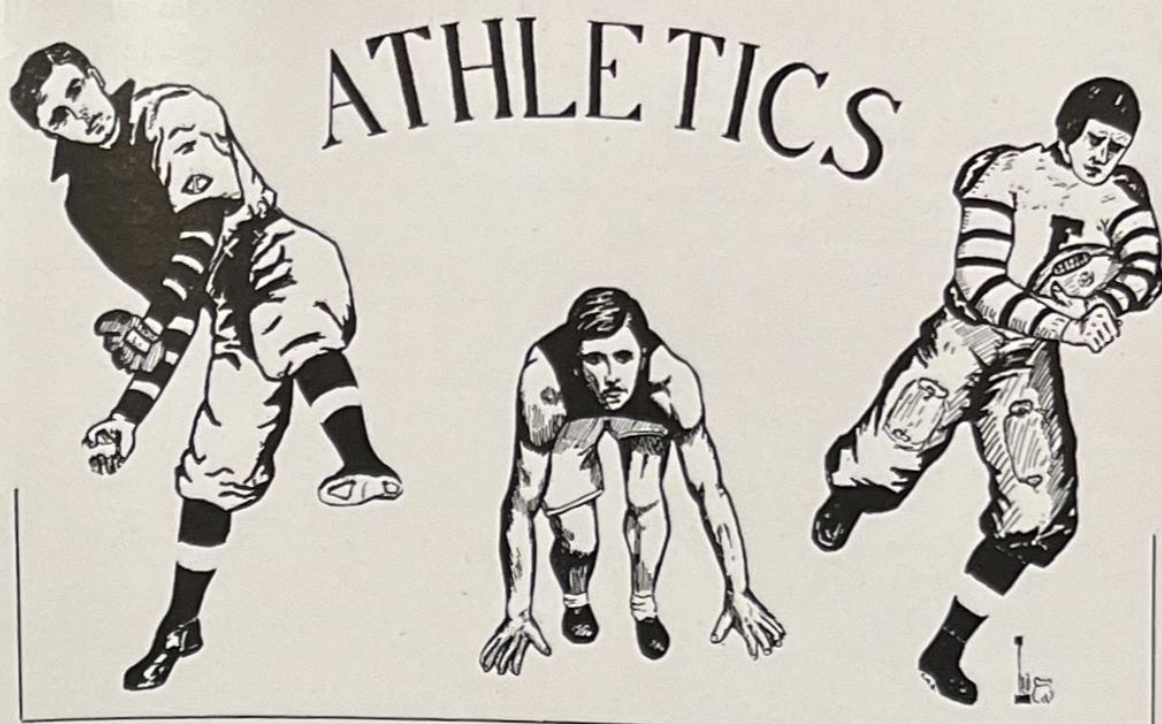
'N' Margaret says, "Yes," so low you could hardly hear it.

"Well, mine's come true," he says.

'N' I guess Sis' did, too.

Dorothy R. Shaner





Eastern ended her foot ball season when the team was defeated by Technical in a game which was marred by fumbling and by many penalties. This victory gave Technical the championship and the permanent possession of the Princeton Alumni Cup.

Although outweighed by a more experienced eleven, Eastern fought hard throughout the whole game. Technical scored her touchdowns as follows: Captain Lanahan kicked off, and upon receiving the ball, Tech started a march down the field, but Eastern held on the 20-yard line. On our first play we fumbled and Technical recovered the ball. Once again Technical was stopped, but on an attempt to kick, the ball was passed beyond the reach of our kicker, and it was Tech's ball on our 4-yard line. Technical shoved the ball across the line on her second play. The second touchdown was made at the beginning of the second half, when receiving the ball on the kick-off, Technical made a steady advance down the field and scored in a few minutes.

After this our fellows played their best. Aided by many penalties inflicted upon Tech, Eastern twice got near enough to the goal line to attempt drop kicks, both of which were made by

Flaherty. One from the 30-yard line was blocked, and the other made from the 40-yard line had plenty of distance but was a little wide.

Captain Lanahan, Sweeney and Sherfy excelled for Eastern.

Summary:

Eastern	Position	Technical
Garman	L. E.	Williams
Steltz	L. T.	Hart
Knapp	L. G.	Easter
Graves	Center	Pfeiffer
Maier	R. G.	Chase
G. English	R. T.	Helhman
Cummings	R. E.	Snyder
Newman	Q. B.	Taylor
Sweeney	L. H.	J. Roberts (Capt.)
Sherfy	R. H.	Daily
Lanahan (Capt.)	F. B.	Browner

Eastern's foot ball team did not have a successful season as far as its scoring was concerned, but the members of the team showed that they did not lack the "Eastern Spirit." The team played its best game against Business, when that strong team was held to one touchdown. This contest was one of the best of the series.

On the all-high team chosen by the local press, Eastern was represented by two players, Captain Lanahan and Graves. Captain Lanahan received the position of tackle, while Graves was chosen for a guard position.

Basket Ball

The outlook for a successful season in basket ball is not a bright one, as there is not one regular left from last year's team. There are a few promising candidates, but Coach Kimble will have a difficult task in developing a good team.

Manager Barr has arranged the following schedule:

December 17—St. Albans.
 January 4—Business.
 January 11—Central.
 January 18—Western.
 January 21—Manassas, at Manassas.
 January 28—Army and Navy Preps.
 February 4—St. Albans.
 February 8—Business.
 February 15—Central.
 February 18—Staunton, at Staunton.
 February 19—Fishburne, at Fishburne.
 February 23—Western.
 March 3—Army and Navy Preps.

The Intercholastic Basket Ball League has made a change in the arrangement of the games this season. Two games will be played between teams instead of one, as has been the case in former years. This change is quite an improvement, and the teams will now have a chance to demonstrate their real strength. All games will be staged in the auditorium of the Arcade on Tuesday and Friday afternoons. Pupils holding athletic tickets will be admitted to each game upon the payment of five cents. Dancing will take place after the game, for which there will be no extra charge.

Clifford McGlasson has been appointed captain of the team. The following fellows are out: McGlasson, Cummings, Tomlin, McAuliffe, Boteler, Baldwin, Steltz, Himmler, Saegart, Swem, Gates, Helgersen, Blake, and Barr.

The Sweater Shop

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR "HIM" OR "HER"

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SWEATER COAT

FOR COLLEGE MEN AND WOMEN
 A Real 7.50 Value; SPECIALLY PRICED . . .

It's a Heavy Shaker Knit All-Wool Sweater, large shawl collar, woven-in pockets. White and all colors and college stripes. Other Sweaters at special prices, for men, women and children. All-wool sweaters for the little folks \$1.00 up.



\$5



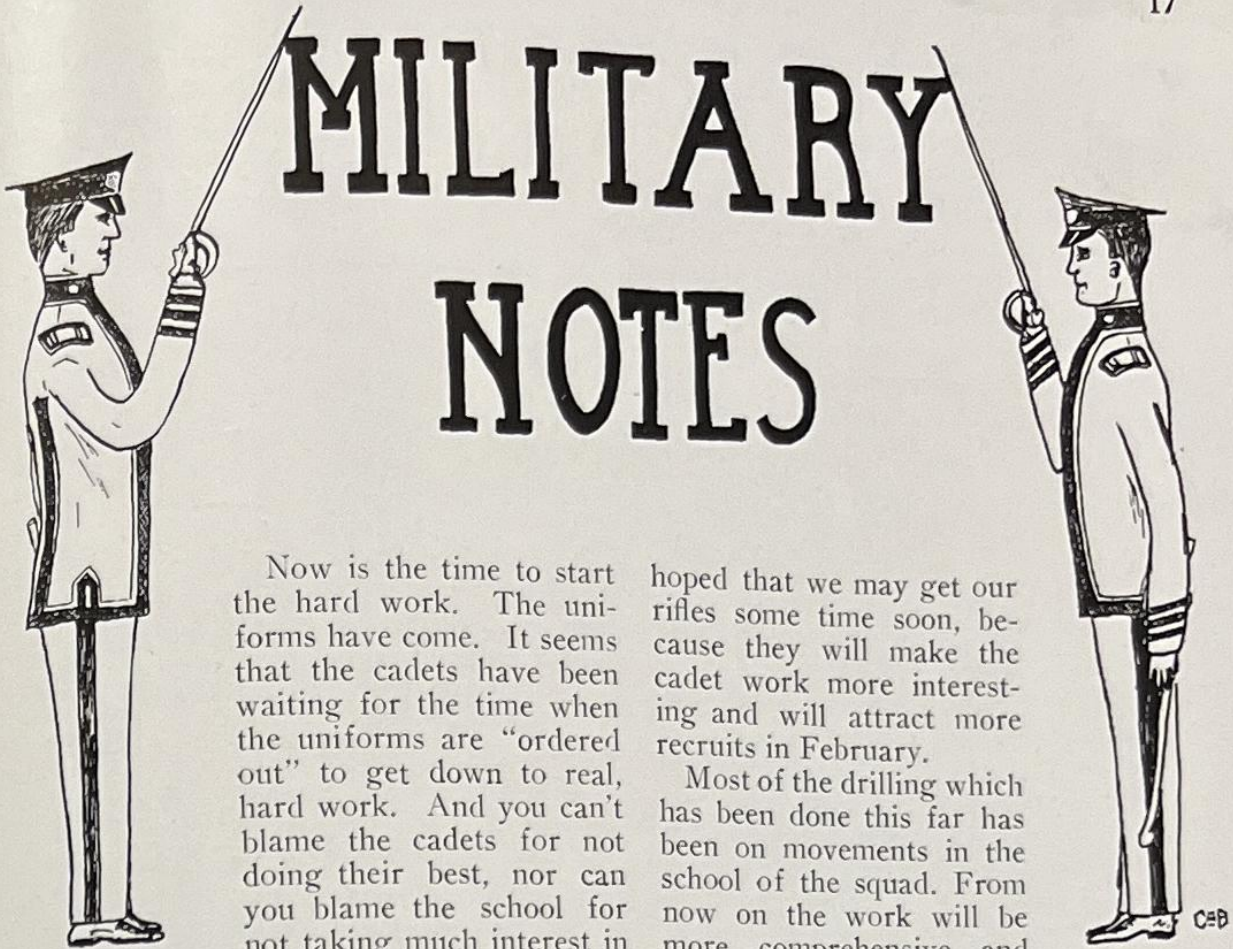
Leather Auto Gloves, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 up

GIFT HINTS FOR HIM—Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders
 Gloves, Hose, Combination Sets, Etc.

Bath Robes \$5 All-wool Blanket Robes, mercerized cord and tassel; box pleat in back; full cut. Extra special **\$2.95**

MEN'S WEAR AND HATS

JULIUS A. WEST, 800 7th St. N. W., Cor. H



Now is the time to start the hard work. The uniforms have come. It seems that the cadets have been waiting for the time when the uniforms are "ordered out" to get down to real, hard work. And you can't blame the cadets for not doing their best, nor can you blame the school for not taking much interest in them. It is the most uninteresting thing imaginable to march around in civilian clothes, and it is equally uninteresting to watch a company no two members of which are dressed alike.

And then, too, there has been a laxness in the execution of commands by both companies. The men know how to do the movements and they do them, but the manner of performance can and must be improved a great deal. The men lack "pep." That is, they walk along as if they were half dead. There is no life in their motions. They seem to take no interest in what they are doing, and by their mistakes discourage the other men in their own endeavors. But now that we have our uniforms, let's all work together and try to accomplish something each day toward advancement on the road to perfection.

Work with the rifles has not been started yet because of some difficulty in obtaining more of them. On account of the increased number of enlistments, many more rifles must be procured, before instruction in the manual of arms may be started. It is

hoped that we may get our rifles some time soon, because they will make the cadet work more interesting and will attract more recruits in February.

Most of the drilling which has been done this far has been on movements in the school of the squad. From now on the work will be more comprehensive and the interest in the companies on the part of the members of the school should increase rapidly.

As a result of competitive examination held recently, Sergeants Summers and H. Gates have received commissions on the staff of the battalion. Summers is Battalion Adjutant, with the rank of a first lieutenant, and Gates is Battalion Quartermaster, with the rank of a second lieutenant. To fill the vacated offices, the former third, fourth, and fifth sergeants of each company were promoted; Corporals Baldwin and Himmler were promoted to the rank of sergeants, and Privates G. W. and T. F. English were promoted to the rank of corporal.

In consequence of the above, Eastern now has nine commissioned officers, another reason for joining the companies, as these offices will have to be refilled next fall.

On December 3 a dance was held in the drill hall by the officers of F and G. About twenty-nine couples were present and a very enjoyable time was had by all.

The girls of the Philologian Society gave the two companies a "feed" on the afternoon of December 6. "Loaded sandwiches" and dancing were the order of the afternoon. The officers and men of the companies certainly do thank the girls for this treat.

Keep it up, girls!

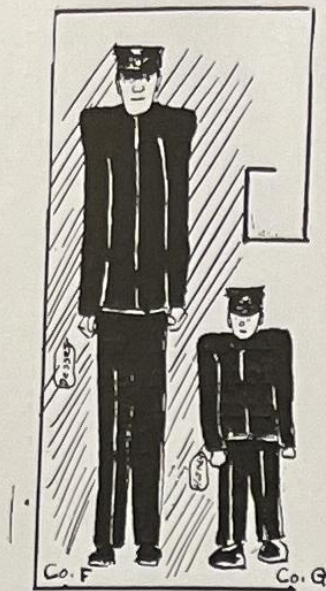
Rifle Notes

Against a record of only one perfect score during the whole season of last year, two ribbons have already been awarded this year for the required 50. Several other members are gradually climbing toward the goal, and it is hoped that more ribbons will be presented in the near future. In addition to these, several qualifications for the Proficient Shot's Ribbon and the Junior Marksman's Button have been made. This is very encouraging to those who have this activity in charge. It indicates an advance in proficiency over last year and it indicates a good showing for the inter-school meets.

The rifle club has been practicing on both Tuesday and Friday until four o'clock, but as this offers a great hindrance to basket ball, it has been decided to have a very short practice on one of these days so as to let the players in early and to allow them to remain as long as they wish on the other

day. In this way it is hoped that the difficulty will be eliminated and that both activities will have plenty of time.

On Saturday, December 4, the members of all the high school rifle clubs



"The long and short of it"

were invited to go down to Winthrop, Maryland, to practice rifle shooting on the Marine Corps range. Transportation on a government tug was provided free of charge and everything else was free except dinner, which cost but ten cents. Those who went enjoyed the trip immensely and endeavored to show themselves grateful for the invitation.



AT CAMP DESIRE TEPEE

Alumni Notes

The Alumni Association

The Alumni Association has been in existence ever since there have been any alumni, but it was reorganized in 1907. There seems to be more interest taken now by the alumni than ever before.

The Association has not yet perfected all of its plans for the year, but these are some that it has in view: First, the Christmas Reunion, which is to be held the day before the holidays, the usual business meeting first then the enjoyment of dancing and refreshments in the drill hall. Second, the publication of the first issue of the Alumni Bulletin, a paper which is devoted to the interests of the school, its students and graduates. Third, a theater benefit, to be given at one of the local theaters in the spring. Fourth, the Moonlight Excursion in June. Fifth, the Alumni gold medal, which is to be presented at the commencement exercises to that graduate noted by the faculty as having done the most for the school during the four years. No other definite announcements can be made now.

The Alumni Association deserves and urges the support of the student body in all its undertakings. It is your Alumni Association and it is working in the interest of your school and theirs. Be loyal, Easterners, and give them your support.

Stanley B. Smith, of the class of 1912, has been elected one of the twenty-two men from the forty-four highest in the Senior Class to the membership of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College. Phi Beta Kappa is the highest reward for intellectual endeavor in the college.

Mr. Albert Fessenden and Miss Mary Rice were married November 30, 1915.

We are very sorry that two of the graduates of 1915 were omitted last month, Vivian Freed, who is a stenographer at the Masonic Temple, and Graham Rice, who is working at the American Security & Trust Company.

Sterling Wilson, of the class of 1911, has been chosen one of the many college students to sail on the Ford peace ship to Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland on December 4, 1915.

"Did you see the beauties of the Wellesley College campus while you were in Boston?"

"No, I went out there too early in the morning."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"They hadn't gotten up yet."

Mr. Pecan—"What's the trouble, James?"

James—"One of the cylinders is missing, sir."

Mr. Pecan—"My word! Where do you suppose we lost it?"

She went down to the round house,
And interviewed the oiler;

"What is that thing? "Why," he replied,

"That is the engine boiler."

"And why do they boil engines?" asked
The maiden, sweet and slender.

"They do it," said the honest man,
"To make the engine tender."

Rose Techinc

WEATHER:

Increasingly freezing, in direct ratio to flunks received

VOLUME 5

The Scare Head

All anonymous contributions thankfully received

NEAR DISASTER IN
THE ASSEMBLY HALL

The Assembly door was tightly closed. The building was bustling with unusual noise of departure. The writer of this article was in the lunchroom. Suddenly there smote upon his ears a terrible sound. It was like the call of a lone wolf on a frozen white plane of the northlands. Gruesome, horrible it grew in volume and then shivering with despair and hopelessness it died away. The author wiped the cold sweat from his brow and loosened his collar. Slowly he started up the flights of stairs leading to the Assembly Hall, for from there the noise seemed to be coming. At the second flight, the author stopped and reeled back against the wall. The terrible blood-curdling sound again smote upon his ears. This time it grew seeming to raise the very roof in its agony. A white and terror-stricken crowd was gathered at the assembly door. They tried to gather courage enough to pull the door wide open and see what fearful monster was thusly bellowing. But at every outburst from within the crowd reeled backward, and their courage sank. At last the author, stopping at the head of the stairway for a drink of cold water, summoned up courage. Boldly he walked up to the door, amid the admiring



TAKEN BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER AFTER ROOM 13 GOT HOME.

glances of the gathered people. He put his trembling hand out and with a mighty effort, opened the door. Then he gasped, his eyes popping, and fell in a dead faint. Gentle reader, the Eastern High School Orchestra was practicing.

NEW BURKE OUTLINE IN
CIRCULATION

Nineteen Seniors have copies!

A well-defined rumor is going the rounds to the effect that a new Burke outline has been prepared by some loyal senior, and that nineteen of the fourth-year people have secured copies. When asked by our reporter what she thought of the change, Miss Gardner stated that the news came as a relief. She said that she has corrected the same outlines in each succeeding senior class for eight years now, and that it is about time a change was effected.

Our reporter is endeavoring to locate the senior who made this outline, but so far has been unsuccessful. If he is located he should be awarded the Alumni Medal by a unanimous vote, as no other senior can possibly do as much for his class or his school as this has done.

Attempted Robbery
DARING ATTACK FOR
Mystery of Two New Wins

A daring robbery in our very midst was attempted in the early part of this month. It develops that the bank officials who foiled the attempt endeavored, through modesty, to hush the matter up, but one of our energetic reporters, by means of a little detective work, solved the mystery.

At two o'clock in the morning of December 4, Mr. Catella, and two of his assistants, Taylor and Burton, were hard at work solving the difference of three cents in Dade's account. They heard a noise. Sh-h!—Hands up! came the command, from one of two masked figures. But Mr. Catella's fighting blood was up. With a mighty leap

re Head

Scare Number Two

BER, 1915

NUMBER 2



R THE GIRLS IN

bbbery in Bank DILED BY OFFICERS

ndows Solved by Reporter

he cleared the short distance between himself and the villain, grasped the surprised ruffian with no gentle hands and hurled him through the wall into the corridor! At the same time Taylor and Burton, by means of a little team work, treated the other would-be robber in the same way. Both men made a get-away, but there were two gaping holes in what had been a perfectly good wall. What to do? Ah!—a sudden idea struck the fertile mind of the great banker. Why not make the holes into windows, and have a REAL bank with three windows? And that is what was done, and as a result today in the Eastern High School we have the largest bank on this block.

CHESS AND CHECKER CANDIDATES CALLED OUT

Summers Heads New Activity

Milo Whitney Summers has been elected president of the Eastern Chess and Checker Club. His vote was the deciding one. There was no opposing candidate. When interviewed by our reporter, Mr. Summers stated that the new activity would probably be placed on the same plane with foot ball and base ball in the near future.

Later, Mr. Wallis, chairman of

the athletic council, denied this. He said that owing to the extreme roughness of the game it would not be officially sanctioned by the council for the time being. Only three men were killed in high school foot ball last season, while nine kings of the board met their doom. If the game of checkers can be played with less roughness, and if a little more enthusiasm in cheering were shown, the sport may stick.



THE BLOW THAT MOST KILLED FATHER

Jack o' Lantern

Senior Class Election

The election of officers of the Class of 1916 was held December 10. As a result of the balloting Farris English was elected president; Helen Smith, vice-president; Helen Riordan, secretary; Earl Jonscher, Treasurer; David Gates, chairman of the pin committee; and Eleanor Hunt, Elsie Howe, Milo Summers and Herbert Graves, members of the pin committee. The result of the balloting was as follows:

President:

English, 44.
Barkman, 25.
Maier, 15.

Vice-President:

Miss Smith, 43.
Miss Jester, 22.
Miss Whitman, 16.

Secretary:

Miss Riordan, 43.
Miss Womersley, 40.

Treasurer:

Jonscher, 61.
Douglass, 21.

Chairman, Pin Committee:

Gates, 43.
Boteler, 28.
Steltz, 11.

Members, Pin Committee:

Summers, 59.
Graves, 52.
Miss Hunt, 44.
Miss Howe, 39.
Miss Cook, 36.
Barr, 31.
Miss Tebbs, 26.
Miss Peacock, 21.
Lanahan, 21.

A Bit of Holly Ribbon

Annette looked at the brilliant array of children's toys, glittering with tinsel and bedecked with holly, that was spread before her. Day in and day out she must sell the beautiful things to people whose children were already overburdened with playthings, and day in and day out she must return to the boarding-house and the little lame brother, empty-handed. She had enviously watched a certain little pair of crutches. How she had longed to get them for Sonny at Christmas time! And then the board money fell due, and the pitiful little bit that was left would not buy one-third of the little crutches. So she had bought him a box of paints and pictures, and the little brother would have to wait. The jam of shoppers was over and only a straggling few remained, seeking bargains just before closing time. Annette dropped wearily on a stool and buried her golden head in her arms. It was so hard since the mother had died, so hard to make ends meet on the small salary she received.

"Well, well, what's the matter?" a pleasant voice asked, and Annette jumped up in confusion. A tall, sunburned young man in a brown overcoat and a soft felt hat stood looking at her questioningly.

"Yes, sir, what is it you want?"

"I want to know what the matter is? Can't I help?"

"Oh! Indeed no!"

"Well, I want ten yards of holly ribbon."

As he reached for the package, Annette noticed the beautiful diamond ring that sparkled on his little finger.

"Thank you," smiled the man, and with a friendly nod he tipped his hat and disappeared in the crowd. Annette looked after him enviously.

"If Sonny could have the crutches," she thought, "if he could get out into the pure air, maybe some day he'd be big and strong like that."

The great gong rang through the building, and Annette pinned her little toque on her fluffy hair, and slipped into her shabby coat. How good the cold air felt after the close atmosphere of the department store. Everywhere people were buying, buying, buying! Buying flowers from venders under singing oil lamps, buying crowsfoot and holly from purple-nosed urchins



"Stop, for heaven's sake stop!"

who stamped up and down the sidewalk to keep warm. Annette pulled her collar closer around her throat, for a filmy snow was beginning to fall, and started across the street. She never knew just how it happened. There was the loud "honk" of a big car, the blinding lights, a great pain in her ankle, and then utter darkness. Vaguely she remembered a familiar voice cry, "Stop, for heaven's sake, stop!" but all else was blank. Some time later Annette woke in a white room, everything white, white curtains, white walls, a white bed and a white-robed nurse bending over her. She tried to sit up, but the terrible pain in her foot made her quickly lie down again.

"What has happened? Where am I? Oh, what does it mean!" And two tearful blue eyes were raised to the nurse's face.

"You were struck by an automobile while trying to cross the street. Don't you remember?" The nurse stroked the soft hair soothingly.

"But Sonny! The Paints! Oh!" and Annette turned her head and sobbed into the soft white pillow. Slowly she told the nurse how the little brother was patiently waiting for Santa at the dingy boarding-house. After awhile the nurse slipped from the room, and Annette lay with her eyes closed. If she could have seen the waiting-room of the hospital about that time she would have opened them in astonishment. The nurse was talking to a white-faced man in a brown overcoat. "He's at the boarding-house," giving the address, "and she wants to see him, and so bring him here. He may stay until she leaves." A little later a big car stopped before a dingy boarding-house on Pine street, and a frightened little boy was bundled off to the big hospital.

It was three months since that eventful Christmas Eve. Annette sat on the edge of the big Morris chair in the waiting room of the hospital, nervously fingering her gloves. Herbert Ramey, for such was the name of the young man of the brown overcoat, stood tense and still beside her chair. How vividly the past months stood out before her. She remembered the kind attention, the flowers, books and candy that had cheered her while the broken ankle healed. She remembered the devotion shown to little Sonny, and she remembered more vividly than all the rest the rest of the night that Herbert Ramey told her about Sonny. He had talked to the doctors, and they were sure that an operation would cure him. It would be a serious one, they admitted, but such had been performed before, and they were certain of success. How she protested! "Sonny doesn't suffer," she had pleaded, "and I shall always always take care of him." "But," Ramey had argued, "if

something should happen to you, what would Sonny do? You are depriving him of his right to health. You must let the doctors operate. It will be a success, I know." Finally, she had consented to the operation, and now, white and still, they awaited the result. Suddenly, Annette turned, and raising a pitifully white face to Ramey, she said, "If this operation is a success, and brother is cured, I shall never be able to repay you, but I'll work—" "Annette," Ramey interrupted, "you—" Just then the office door opened and a radiant-faced nurse entered. "He's all right," she whispered. "He's sleeping now, and the doctors say he will get along nicely." Softly she tiptoed out and Annette, overcome with joy and relief, buried her face in her hands and wept.

When Sonny came home, walking, a new Annette was singing around the boarding-house. She was not the careworn, tired sister that he had known, but a new one, that laughed and sang, or sat with pink cheeks and glistening eyes, looking at the beautiful diamond ring that was tied on her finger with a bit of holly ribbon.

H. Smith, '16

Santa Claus is a large, able-bodied person entirely surrounded by whiskers and expectations.

"It's foolish to put any Christmas decorations in this out-of-the-way corner. You have it so cluttered up that not more than two can squeeze in there."

"You little goose, that's where I'm going to hang my mistletoe."

Christmas is one of the biggest events of the year, and it is about the only attraction that is not met with a brass band.

Dramatics

The first official news heard concerning dramatics was at the meeting of the Home and School Association on November 12, when Miss Prince spoke of what the Dramatic Society has done in past years, and what it expects to do this year.

As we all know, next year is to be observed throughout the country as the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death. The celebration in Washington will be in the form of an elaborate pageant to be given by the combined efforts of all the high schools in the District under the auspices of Miss Sarah E. Simons, the head of the English department. It is expected that Eastern's part in this will be the fairy songs and dances from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Our Society has not yet been organized, but a general meeting of all students interested in dramatics was held on Wednesday, December 1. It was well attended by a large number of enthusiastic pupils. Misses Merrill and Prince gave brief talks on the general plan of the work for the year.

It has been found in previous years that in many cases the plays studied by the club have not been of a high enough literary value to pay for the amount of work necessary to produce them. The faculty advisers desired to remedy this condition, and since the study of Shakespeare is to be emphasized in all the English classes, they decided to devote the whole time of the Society to Shakespeare.

Following out this idea, our first study will be a scene from "Twelfth Night," which we shall present as our Christmas entertainment.

The officers of the Dramatic Club have been elected as follows:
 President—A. C. McAuliffe.
 Secretary—Dorothy Shaner.
 Chairman, Program Committee—Edna Tucker.
 Stage Manager—Edwin Walsh.
 Assistant Stage Manager—Farris English.

It Isn't Your School—It's You

If you want to go to the kind of a school
 That's the kind of a school you like,
 You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
 And start on a long, long hike.

You'll find elsewhere what you've left behind,
 For there's nothing that's really new,
 It's a knock at yourself when you knock your school;
 It isn't your school, it's you.

Real schools are not made by people afraid,
 Lest somebody else gets ahead;
 When everyone works and nobody shirks
 You can raise a school from the dead.

And if you make a success of the game,
 Your neighbor can make one, too,
 Your school will be what you want to see;
 It isn't your school—it's you.

Class Pins

Pennants

Cutie Rings

Outdoor Equipage

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOPS

1327 F Street Northwest

VISIT THE CAMP AND PORCH SLEEPING DISPLAY

"THE VELVET KIND"



Top row, left to right: Jonacher, Brown, Barr, Walsh, Coach Kimble, Earnshaw
 Middle row: Flaherty, English, Small, Maier, Sherfy, Speer, Graves, Hardy
 Bottom row: Sweeney, Newman, Garman, Lanahan, Steltz, Cummings, Knapp



This year, we of the Staff, are trying to make our paper as a whole, much better than it has ever been before. For this reason we are enlarging the Exchange Department, and we shall endeavor to give the best and most helpful criticisms of which we are capable. We wish to extend a hearty greeting to our old friends and we cordially welcome our many new exchanges.

The *Balance Sheet*, Business High School, Washington, D. C.

Your paper is interesting but you might improve your Exchange Department. We notice that you do not criticize your exchanges. As that is the purpose of such a department, you are not carrying out that purpose.

The *Review*, Central High School, Washington, D. C.

Both the October and November issues of your paper are very good. The different departments are well managed and the appearance of the paper as a whole is most pleasing.

The *Spectator*, Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

The November cover of the *Spectator* was most appropriate. Your Literary Department would be greatly improved if the stories were a trifle longer, and fewer in number.

The *Optimist*, Bloomington, Indiana.

A table of contents would improve your paper and help your readers. Why not enlarge your Exchange Department by printing a full list of your exchanges?

Dartmouth *Jack-O-Lantern*.

This exchange, which is a very important one, was inadvertently omitted from the last issue. The *Jack-O* furnished

much aid in the way of cuts and jokes in the last number.

The *Totem*.

The story, "A Great War Nurse," by Hope Moore, in your October issue is very interesting. Why not have a few more stories in your next issue?

The *Pivot*.

The cuts for your different departments are very appropriate, especially the one for the Exchange in your November number. The Literary Department of your paper is well handled.

The *Advocate*, New Brunswick, N. J.

You are one of our new exchanges and we welcome you, *Advocate*. We enjoyed reading the stories in your October issue. We suggest a larger Joke Department.

The *Lawrence H. S. Bulletin*, Lawrence, Mass.

A few cuts and cartoons would make your paper much more attractive. We also advise a table of contents.

Parker-Bridget Co.

Quality
Outfitters
to Young Men

THE AVENUE AT NINTH

The *Western*, Western High School, Washington, D. C.

"Sunnies O'Sunny Village" in your issue of November 15, is one of the best stories we have read so far. The content of paper is very good, but the appearance might be greatly improved.

The *Scroll*, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

You are another of our new exchanges and one of the best we have received. It is easily seen that your paper is very efficiently managed. The literary contributions are excellent, and the snap-shots of familiar persons and places help greatly to make your paper an interesting one.

The *Habit*.

Your paper would be much more attractive if there were a few good cuts for your several departments.

The *Gold and Blue*, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Your paper is neat, and has a good appearance but it lacks humor. More jokes, and a few cartoons would make a great difference in it.

Thistle, Toledo, Ohio.

Your November issue is most attractive from cover to cover. The "Curiosity Shop" is indeed "Curious," although an interesting and novel department. The Directory of Organizations is a good idea as well as an innovation in a high school paper.

Comet, West Division H. School, Milwaukee, Wis.

Your "Green Number" is an excellent publication. "Vacation Memories" was both interesting and amusing.

Impressions, Central H. School, Scranton, Pa.

We suggest that you pick your stories for publication more carefully as those in the November issue are not particularly good.

Vindex, Elmira, N. Y.

Your practice of continuing stories on a page devoted to some special department is not good as it detracts from the interest in that department.

Somerville H. S. Radiator, Boston, Mass.

Your October issue contained a very excellent editorial on colloquism, "It can't be done." We agree with you and

we believe that many people would profit greatly by following the advice it contained.

English High School Record, Boston, Mass.

A few cuts would help the general appearance of your paper. Why not start an Alumni Department?

Tech Life, McKinley High School, Washington, D. C.

The articles in your paper are well written, especially the editorials. But why not have a short interesting story in each issue? We have also noticed a depreciation in the worth of your cartoons.

The Tattler, Kincaid High School, Kincaid, Kans.

Why not criticise more of your exchanges? Cartoons would improve your paper.

The Howard Times, Howard, Rhode Island.

Your paper is well arranged and we enjoyed reading it. We wish you the best of luck with the Exchange Department.

We acknowledge with thanks the following:

Pasco School News, Dade City, Fla.

University Hatchet, Washington, D. C.

The Tripod, Trinity College Hartford, Conn.

Shattuck Spectator, Fairbault, Minn.

M. A. C. Weekly, College Park, Md.

Miss Bucknam—"Be sure to take notes on this subject."

Miss Smith—"May we take notes in shorthand?"

Miss Bucknam—"No, you may only take notes in history."

We always laugh at Mr. Padgett's jokes,

No matter what they be,
Not because they are funny ones,
But because it's policy.

Miss Bucknam—"When was George Washington born?"

D. Gates—"February 22, 1732, A. D.

Miss Bucknam—"What's A. D. for?"

D. Gates—"After dark, I reckon."

Locals

Stewart—"Sam, if you were explaining a base ball game to a girl, what would you begin with?"

Hardy—"Why, I'd start with the diamond."

Three fishers went a-sailing
Out into the silvery west,
And each one took an EASTERNER
As the thing that he loved best.

KATE

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
Intri-Kate's obscure;
Prevari-Kate is stubborn,
And Equivo-Kate unsure.

Dislo-Kate is painful,
Alter-Kate's a pest;
Rusti-Kate is charming,
But Edu-Kate's the best.

The world is old, yet likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find—
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you meet some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

Edna T.—"Do you like pop-corn balls."

Hetfield—"I don't believe I ever attended one."

Johnny—"I got licked at school to-day for something I didn't do."

Ma—"What was it?"

Johnny—"An example in arithmetic."

Dessez and Walsh pass a girl on Seventh Street. Dessez speaks.

Walsh—"Who is that?"

Dessez—"Ida."

Walsh—"Ida who?"

Dessez—"Ida-know."

Dr. Rothermel—"What is force?"
M. Barr—"Breakfast food."

Chisolm—"Pop, what is the word for people in Latin?"

Father—"I don't know."

Chisolm—"Populi."

Father—"What, you little scoundrel, I lie do I?" Biff!

We know a good joke but we don't want to publish his name.

Mr. Wattawa—"Men have two souls."

Jones—"Sure, one on each foot."



First Snoppy Quop—"What's that tooth brush for?"

Second Ditto—"It's muh class pin. I graduated from Colgate."

Jack o' Lantern

Mother—"Did you tell Walter that I'm going to turn the light off at ten?"
 Edna—"Yes, mother."
 Mother—"Well?"
 Edna—"He said he'd come at ten hereafter."

"Pat was drowned yesterday."
 "Couldn't he swim?"
 "Sure, but he was a union man, so he swam eight hours and quit."

"Where have you been?"
 "In the hospital getting censored."
 "Censored?"
 "Yes; I had some important parts cut out."

In geometry:
 "Where has polygon?"
 "She went away with the tangent."

The Local Editors are tired of thinking of all of these jokes themselves. Help them out! Send in a few.

"The Site of the New Eastern"

After times of toil and struggle,
 And argument profound,
 Last year a generous Congress,
 Gave us money for the ground.

We then began to hunt a place,
 And thereby hangs a tale,
 The only land available,
 Was next door to the jail.

Although the sites were limited,
 A choice was finally made,
 We thought it settled, but found out,
 Too big a price was laid.

And so another delay is caused,
 And time goes on apace,
 And the site of our new Eastern,
 Is still an unknown place.

Let us hope the "city fathers"
 Will objections overrule,
 So that the coming Congress
 Can provide for our school.

Helen Smith, '16

Just Jokes



"Hello, there; say, could you lend me ten dollars for a week, old man?"
 "What weak old man?"—Awwgan.

Pupil, relating life of Milton:
 "Milton was married three times. First he was married and wrote 'Paradise Lost;' then he got a divorce and wrote 'Paradise Regained.'"

Someone noticed that he was ambidextrous.

"When I was a boy," he explained, "me father always said to me, 'Pat, learn to cut yer finger nails wid yer left hand, for some day ye may lose yer right.'"

Helen—"What do you think of our scheme for the Christmas decorations? It is holly over laurel leaves."

Farris—"Very good, but personally I prefer mistletoe over yew."

Kentucky Tailor—"And the hip pockets, Colonel; what size shall I make them—pints or quarts?"

First Son—"My mother's terribly absent-minded."

Second Son—"So?"

First Son—"Yes, the other day she washed the face of the clock, then wound the baby up and set him forward fifteen minutes."

"Don't you know it's against the law to play on the sidewalk?"

"Sir, I'll have you to know this is a violin."

"Well, I suppose I must put a check upon this extravagance," sighed father, as he piped off his son's latest bill from college.

"Say, Alabama is a dry state, isn't it?"

"Sure."

"Why, my dear, when I was there I saw several negroes who were intoxicated."

"Well, of course they can't stop the sale of that awful cotton gin entirely."
—Widow.

"Mistah Interlocutah, what would yo' do if all de cornet playahs ob dis band should go on a strike?"

"Ah dunno, Mistah Bones. What would ah do?"

"Ah dunno, Mistah Interlocutah, but ah reckon dat you would hab to get some subs-to-toot. Am ah right?"
—Widow.

Villain—"Where are those papers?"

1st Ass't Villain—"In the blacksmith shop!"

Villain—"Ha, ha—I suppose being forged?"

1st Ass't—"No, being filed!"—Gargoyle.

Lanahan—"Does your car smoke?"
Garman—"Only when I try to back 'er." (Deep.)

Father Gaped

Supper was in progress, and the father was telling about a row which took place in front of his store that morning.

"The first thing I saw was one man deal the other a sounding blow, and then a crowd gathered. The man who was struck ran and grabbed a large shovel he had been using on the street and rushed back, his eyes blazing fiercely. I thought he'd surely knock the other man's brains out, and I stepped right in between them."

The young son of the family had become so interested that he had stopped eating his pudding. So proud was he of his father's valor, his eyes fairly shone, and he cried:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

Father looked at him long and earnestly, but the lad's countenance was frank and open.



From Room 3
Convict 999

THE EASTERNER

Tenley—"I want my hair cut."
 Barber—"Any special way?"
 Tenley—"Yes, off."

"Don't talk about my daughter not working. She *has* a calling."
 "What is it?"
 "She's a telephone operator."

Johnny—"Dad, there's a girl in our room we all call 'Postscript.'"
 Dad—"Postscript? Why that?"
 Johnny—"Because her name is Adeline Moore."

A clubman who poses as a humorist was having his shoes shined.
 "And is your father a bootblack, too," he asked the boy at his feet.

"No, sir," was the reply. "He is a farmer."

"Ah, I see. He believes in making hay while the sun shines."

First Officer—"I hear Bang is taking life easy nowadays."

Second Officer—"I should say he is; he's running a rapid-fire gun."—Record.

Jaffrey—"How do you suppose that old man remembered exactly how much he paid for his gold tooth, which he bought forty years ago?"

Agnes—"Why, I suppose he carried it in his head."—*Lampoon*.



"Beneath the Sheltering Palm"

Jack o' Lantern

First Co-Ed—"I've lost a diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentation."

Second Co-Ed—"Here's your thimble."



Lem sez:
Our foot-ball team
scored too many
pointz



Mose was in trouble again pending an explanation of why he had been found in the Squire's hen coop.

"Now, look here, Mose," said the judge irritably; "didn't I give you ten days last month for trying to get into this same hen house?"

Mose thought a moment. Then he said: "Marse Willyum, doan' de law say yo' cain't be tried twice wid de same t'ing?"

"Yes," said the judge. "No man can twice be placed in jeopardy for the same offence."

"Den, Marse Willyum, Ah'll jes' be steppin' along home. Ah wuz after de same chickings, sah."

"I want a book for a high school boy."

"How about Fielding?"

"I dunno. Got anything on base-running?"

John had finished his exam, and wrote at the bottom of his paper: "During this examination I was unable to catch anyone looking at my paper. Further, I wish to state that my own S. O. S. signals were entirely disregarded."

The sick man had just come out of a long delirium.

"Where am I?" he said feebly, as he felt the loving hands making him comfortable. "Where am I? In heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed his devoted wife, "I'm still with you."

Helen "Do you love me, dear?"

Jack: "Dearly, sweetheart."

Helen: "Would you die for me?"

Jack: "No, my pet. Mine is an undying love."

Safety: "So Jack is engaged, is he? And is Fanny the bride-to-be?"

First: "No, she is the tried-to-be."—*Awgwan.*

The brilliance of Belinda's smile

Beats aught I ever saw;

Her face lights up, you see, because

She has a lantern jaw.—*Life.*

"Oh! Robert, there's a burgler breaking into the garage."

"Hush! If he steals that second-hand car it'll serve him right."

There was a young maid of Detroit,

Who at driving her car was adroit,

But her speed was too great,

And her turn came too late,

And so the young lady was hoit.

Tiger

Glee Club Notes

The girl's glee club sang at Assembly Hall on December 13. Everyone enjoyed the offering immensely.

It is intended to have the boys' glee club sing at the Christmas celebration on December 23. Several other numbers will be offered.

The school orchestra is beginning to assume good proportions. A much deeper interest is being shown. At the last rehearsal at least ten were present, and there is a good chance that more will show up in the future.

Pitman and Gregg Shorthand
Taught by Individual Methods
Positions Secured

The Drillery

Business and Civil Service College

1100 New York Avenue

Former Civil Service Examiner in Charge
of Our Civil Service Department

Famous Expressions

Dr. Leineweber: "You're worse than the Russians."

Miss Birtwell: "Pen and paper to English, please."

Dr. Rothermel: "You don't get the fundamental principles."

Mr. Wallis: "You got it? Now what have you got?"

Mr. Schwartz: "Sit down, boys."

Mr. Kimble: "Hey! Whoa!"

Miss Boyd: "Take this up to the office."

Mr. Padgett: "Now when I taught up North, etc."

Miss Johnson: "O, you dear child."

Mr. Catella: "I would like to know —."

Miss Shelp: "Stop talking, girls."

Miss Bucknam: Take these references."

Miss Van Doren: "Don't talk, please, children."

Dr. Small: "This has been inadvertently omitted."

Mr. Wattawa: "Wait until I get through with this bunch of bums."

Miss Hawes: "Oh, is that so?"

Index to Advertisers

ARTISTS' AND DRAFTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

McPhee's, 221 Pa. Ave. S. E.
Schmidt, Fred. A., 719-21 Thirteenth St. N. W.
Muth & Co., 418 Seventh St. N. W.

BANKS

East Washington Savings Bank, 312 Pa. Ave. S. E.
Federal National Bank, Fourteenth and G Sts. N. W.

BARBER SHOP

Paduda, A., 204 Seventh St. S. E.

COAL AND WOOD

Ferris, J. R., 657 A St. S. E.
Hughes, 802 B St. N. E.

CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM

Chapin, Sacks & Co., First and M Sts. N. E.
Fuhrmann, Eighth and E. Cap. Sts.
Geiger, Sixth and B Sts. N. E.
Kann's, Eighth and Pa. Ave. N. W.
Maloney, Mrs., E. H. S. Basement.
Neely, Eleventh and C Sts. S. E.
Reeve's, 1209 F St. N. W.
Sprucebank, Fifth and E. Cap. Sts.; Second and Pa. Ave. S. E.
Steinle's, Fifth and E. Cap. Sts.
Williams, Seventh and N. Carolina Ave. S. E.

DRUG STORES

Fealy, Eleventh and Pa. Ave.
Fuhrmann, Eighth and E. Cap. Sts.
Geiger, Sixth and B Sts. S. E.
Neely, Eleventh and C Sts. S. E.
Read, Chas., 1100 B St. N. E.
Sprucebank, Fifth and E. Cap. Sts.; Second and Pa. Ave. S. E.
Williams, Seventh and N. Carolina Ave. S. E.

ELOCUTION

Mrs. Barnes, 143 Eleventh St. N. E.

FLORISTS

Blackistone, Fourteenth and H Sts. N. W.
Shaffer, 900 Fourteenth St. N. W.

HARDWARE AND TOOLS

Gill, 607 Pa. Ave. S. E.
Hughes, 802 B St. N. E.
Flynn, M. B., 651 Pa. Ave. S. E.

HIGH SCHOOL BOOKS

Ballantyne & Sons, 1409 F St. N. W.
Lowdermilk & Co., 1426 F St. N. W.
McPhee, 221 Pa. Ave. S. E.
Pursell, 807 G St. N. W.
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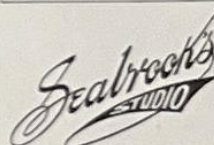
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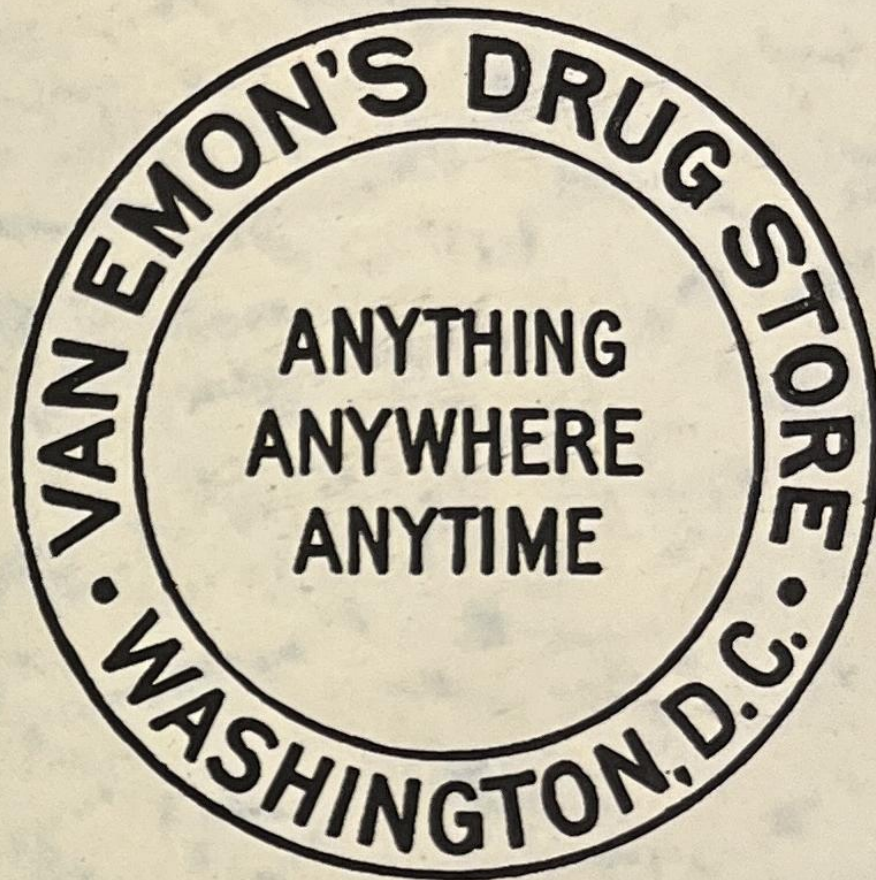
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